HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIV.—No. 1218.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1880. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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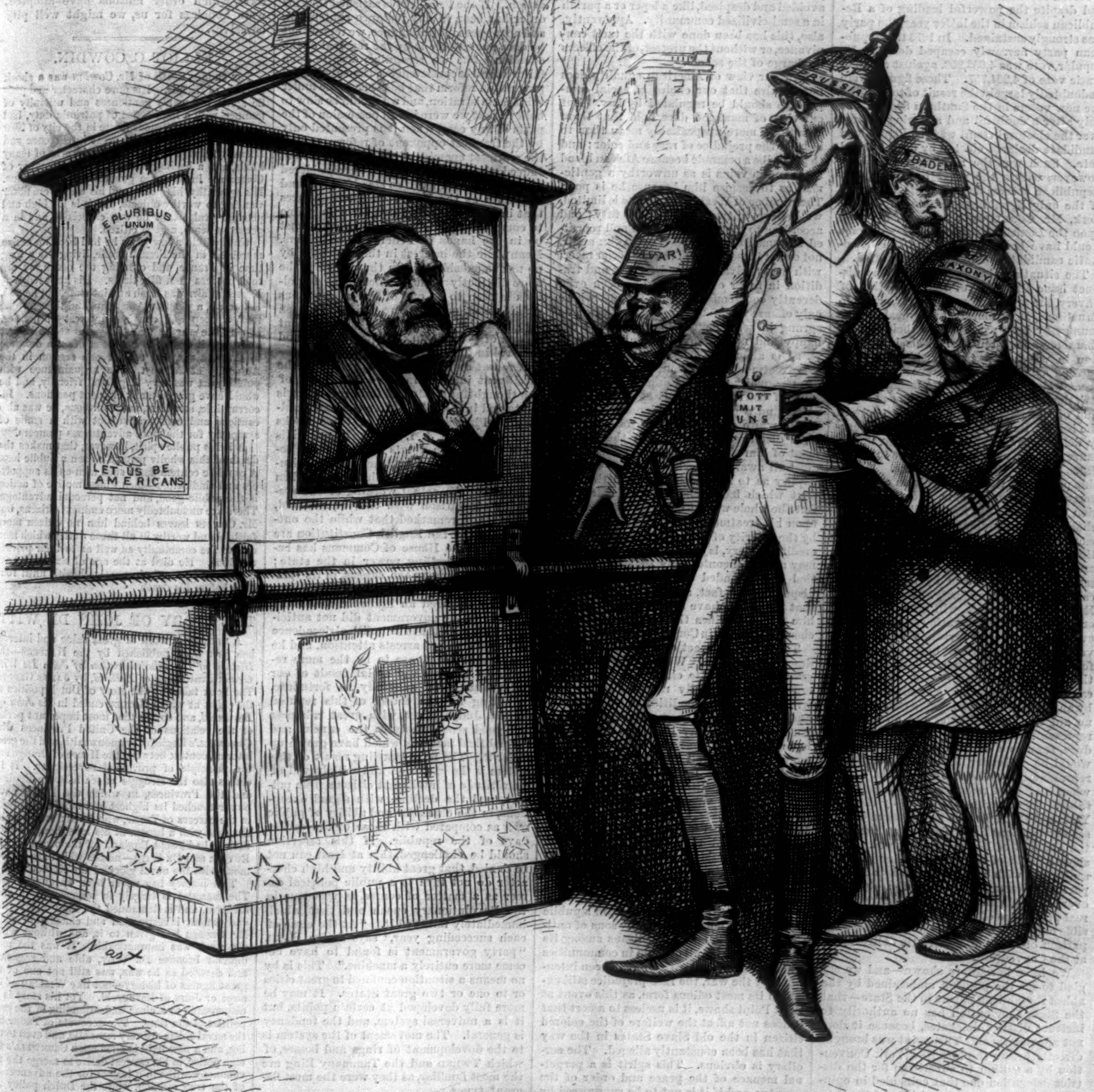


GENERAL GRANT'S SEDAN —?

"We as GERMANS *will not support you!*"

U. S. G. "Please do carry me. I have lost the use of my *American* legs—because you frightened me so!"

"The Hon. Jacob Mueller, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, and now the controlling spirit around the *Waechter am Erie* office, of this city, the leading German daily paper of Northern Ohio, has been making a careful study of the German feeling in Ohio, especially in the northern part, on the Presidential question. Mr. Mueller says that from his observations and knowledge of the German character, he is satisfied that nothing can take place which would reconcile the feelings of the Germans to General Grant. They are dead set against him, and under no circumstances would vote for him."—*Cleveland Dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 1, 1880.

A DANGER TO BE AVOIDED.

There was never more political independence than now, and one of the most striking phenomena of the situation is that differences within the parties are more decided and bitter than those between the parties. This, which is undeniable, forecasts a kind of voting next November which demands the most careful consideration. This will be the seventh Presidential election in which the Republican party has taken part. In the first two the issue was plain and momentous. It was not merely a choice between the parties with a vague doubt as to probable policies, it was a sharply drawn contest between the restriction and the extension of slavery. No man who desired to see slavery curbed had any question about his action. The issue of the third election—that of 1864—was still simpler. It was the maintenance or overthrow of the national government, and voters took their parts accordingly. The elections of 1868 and 1872 involved reconstruction and its settlement; and despite the powerful leading of a Republican schism in the latter year, the party was strongly sustained. In 1876 the Republican party narrowly escaped defeat. Its popular vote was 4,033,950, against a Democratic vote of 4,284,757. These figures were undoubtedly largely the result of terrorizing the new voters in the Southern States; but only after a doubtful and alarming contest over the electoral count was the Republican candidate declared elected by one electoral vote. Such was the acrimony of feeling, however, within the party lines that had Republican success depended upon the vote of the only Republican Senator from New York, Mr. Conkling, who evaded voting upon the Louisiana return, the Republicans would have been defeated, and the Democratic candidate would have been seated.

The situation this year involves no distinct issue like that of the restriction of slavery, the prosecution of the war, or reconstruction. It is mainly an appeal to the country by both parties upon their general character and traditions. This is a situation in which personal considerations regarding candidates will have necessarily great weight. When a vote meant the restriction of slavery, or the vigorous prosecution of the war, the candidate was lost in the issue. But when the issue is less clearly defined, the candidate rises into importance, and the practical objections to candidates become vital considerations. It is at this point that the first condition of a prosperous campaign appears, and that condition is a perfectly free deliberation and choice of the candidate. Here one of the most serious possible mischiefs of instructions appears. All the States are represented in the nominating Convention. But some of the States can by no possibility cast a Republican majority. Kentucky and Missouri, for instance, will give their electoral vote to the Democratic candidate, whoever he may be, as certainly as they will vote. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that the nomination should be made by the really Republican States, which alone can elect the candidate. A nomination made by an alliance between States that can give no aid to the candidate, and an artificial representation, such as instructions produce, from one or two Republican States, would be a disaster, because it would misrepresent Republican sentiment at a time when its honest representation is indispensable. The instructions given by the New York and Pennsylvania and Iowa and Kansas Conventions have plainly not increased the chances of Republican success. They show a doubt of the real condition of party sentiment with a determination to force a particular expression. Now the object of every Republican should be to ascertain the real preference of the party, and this is possible only upon a perfectly free and fair comparison of views and patriotic deliberation at the Convention.

We have heretofore shown—and we are glad to see the position maintained by the ablest Republican papers in the State—that the State Convention has no authority to instruct district delegates, because it does not appoint them. This point was brought directly before the late New York Convention by a motion to substitute for the district delegation one that coincided in opinion with the apparent majority of the Convention. Mr. Conkling voted loudly for the motion, but it was lost by an immense majority, and that decision renounced every shadow of right to instruct. This was in accordance with the uniform practice of New York Republican Conventions, and with the whole spirit and tradition of the Republican party. Twice this question has been raised in the National Republican Convention, and twice the final tribunal of the party has decided that the instructions of a State Convention can not bind the action of the delegates. Should this decision be reversed, it would only show how much more stringent, and consequently how much more dangerous, the mere organization of party has become.

THE AFFAIR AT WEST POINT.

The consequences of the Whittaker incident at West Point will not end with the investigation, even if it shall establish beyond question that Whittaker tied and cut himself in order to get a better chance at a later examination. If this shall be proved, it will be seen that the young man was a foolish fellow, but it will be seen also that the form which his folly took is a severe reflection upon the authorities and cadets of the institution, because it would show that the general treatment he had received made such an assault upon him a probable and plausible assertion. Indeed, whatever the result of the inquiry, whether Whittaker cut himself or not, it is evident that during all his course this young American, at a national school where he is entitled to precisely the same rights with all his companions, has been practically proscribed and avoided and despised, like a leper or a pariah in a semi-civilized community. Apparently, also, this has been done with the tacit connivance, or without the protest, of the officers in charge of the school.

Now our view of American equality does not require that our choice of social companions should be regulated by law. But our view of manhood does hold that there is nothing more unspeakably mean than to indulge the prejudice of race and color; and to proscribe a comrade because African blood flows in his veins is as unworthy a gentleman as to despise him because he is poor. The number of West Point cadets is limited, we believe, to two hundred and fifty; and according to the uncontradicted and repeated statements, since the Whittaker affair, not one of these scions of the "superior race," with every advantage and feeling and tradition in favor of his color, has been even decently courteous to the one youth whose only offense was a darker skin, and who was sprung in some degree from the most unhappy and most wronged race in history. If, as is alleged, Whittaker has endured this treatment throughout his course, and has personally done nothing to justify any kind of ostracism, he has shown a moral pluck and a genuine manliness which any of his white comrades might be proud to have displayed, and of which their treatment of him shows no sign whatever. We must all await the decision of the board of inquiry as to his specific guilt in the incident which has aroused public attention. But the whole weight of presumption, based upon his treatment hitherto, and increased by the alacrity of the Superintendent to discredit his story, is in favor of its truth. It may appear incontestably that Whittaker tied and wounded himself, but what will dispose of the fact, as yet uncontradicted, that the cadets have shown a spirit toward him which justifies the impassioned criticisms of Senators in Congress of both parties?

There is one aspect of this matter which deserves attention. Whenever we have argued that the white citizens in the Southern States are really responsible for the wretched political condition of those States, and for the whole shameful catalogue of Ku-Kluxery in every kind and degree, we have been told that the colored citizens were generally well treated, and that the mischief was all made by carpet-baggers and Northern political tramps. We have cited the most impartial witnesses, like Sir George Campbell, and observers who could have no political bias of any kind, but we have been told that strangers knew and could know nothing. We have pointed to the colored exodus and its unanswerable significance, but the reply has been that its cause was anything but ill treatment. Now if here in the State of New York, in a public school which must count many sons of antislavery parents and Republicans among its members, trained all of them in communities whose antislavery sentiment has been intensified by the war, the race prejudice still exists in its most odious form, as this event at West Point shows, it is useless to assert that it does not affect the welfare of the colored citizen in the old Slave States in the way that has been constantly alleged. The corollary is obvious. This spirit is a perpetual menace of the peace and order of the country, and if it is not to be suppressed by law, still less will it be suppressed—on the contrary, it will be greatly stimulated—by committing the government to those who cherish the prejudice. It is useless to say that the antipathy of race is stronger in the Northern than in the Southern States. The Black Codes, the Ku-Klux, bulldozing, and the tissue ballot are the answer. West Point is a public school. The government which sustains it recognizes no distinction between the pupils whom it admits. The officers in charge are morally bound to represent this disposition in their official conduct, and no pupil should ask to be instructed there at the public expense who will not honorably conform to the understanding upon this subject. The cadets are not bound to choose as associates those whom they do not like, but they are bound, as gentlemen and Americans, to treat innocent and well-behaved comrades, who, like themselves, are public beneficiaries, with decent courtesy. And if the officers do not require such treatment, they should be replaced by officers who will.

A JUDGE UPON REFORM.

The inconsistencies which even the friends of civil service reform point out in the conduct of the Administration can not conceal the real progress that the cause itself makes in public opinion. We have received from Missouri and from Louisiana documents showing that office-holders have taken, or are taking, a part in political management which the order of the President prohibits, and the documents are accompanied with the statement that when the subject is brought to his attention he takes no action. If the President is satisfied that his order has been in any instance contemned, and acquiesces in the defiance, we regret that he does not enforce it by the removal of the offender. But we recognize, despite such failures and inconsistencies, the substantial progress in reform that has been made under this Administration, and we should be slow to believe that we were in full possession of the parts of any case, when it is presented only by the frankest opponent of reform, and by the warmest enemies of the Administration. Indeed, the situation must be considered very complicated when so steadfast a friend of reform as the New York *Times* declares that in the Southern States, for a long time to come, the active control of politics must be in the hands of Federal office-holders. Meanwhile the interest in the subject is by no means subsiding. On the contrary, the more distinctly what is called machine politics is seen to be one of the most serious public questions, the more plainly is it seen also that the remedy lies in an intelligent reform of the methods of appointment and removal in the civil service.

A recent and striking illustration of the intelligent interest in the subject, and of the thoughtful treatment it is receiving, is contained in a lecture before the Law Academy in Philadelphia, two or three weeks since, by Judge J. I. Clark Hare. His topic was certain points of distinction between the English and American Constitutions, and in the course of the address, when considering the actual working of our system in comparison with that of England, Judge Hare remarked that while the outward forms of the English Constitution are unchanged, the House of Commons has become the controlling power in the state; and in this country the caucus, in its various forms of primary meeting and Convention, has acquired an influence which the founders of the government did not anticipate. He adds that the political decadence of our government arrests attention, and he thinks that decadence to be the more remarkable because the social result of our system has been generally so fortunate. In asking for the causes of this reputed decline, Judge Hare, with great calmness and good sense, analyzes the caucus and the political methods which have grown up under it. The most startling result of this system is the exclusion and withdrawal of a multitude of intelligent citizens from politics, and the decline, with signal exceptions, in the character and ability of public men as compared with those of the earlier days of the republic. If this assertion should be challenged, this at least can not be denied, that great ability and high character do not turn to a public political career as a matter of course, as was true in the Revolutionary epoch and that which immediately followed it. "At the close of each succeeding year," says Judge Hare, "party government is found to have become more entirely a machine." This is by no means a situation confined to great cities or to one or two great States. It may be more fully developed at certain points, but it is a universal system, and the tendency is general. The movement of the system is to the development of rings and bosses, of which Tweed and the Tammany Ring are the most familiar, as they were the most flagrant, types.

The radical remedy for this evil Judge Hare finds in a policy which shall make honesty and efficiency the tenure of place in the non-elective branches of the civil service. He shows simply how this would dispose of many of the chief abuses which make a machine possible, while it would enable every "placeman" under the government to say, as Mr. Stedman says of Mr. Dobson, the English poet, whose volume he has just edited, that an office in the civil service affords him an honorable position and a secure livelihood. That is not what our Mr. Dobsons can say of themselves. Their position is, indeed, honorable, because it is the service of the government, but it is not honorable in its tenure upon personal favor, and no livelihood is less secure. No service can be improved at the price of the self-respect of its incumbents, but a man's self-respect is always in danger if he knows, and everybody else knows, that he holds, not by the character of his service, but by the personal favor of another. Neither Judge Hare, however, nor any other cool and sensible friend of reform, bewails the condition of the country as hopeless, or denies for a moment its immense advantages and superiorities. One of the most healthful signs of our national political vigor is the hold which this very subject has taken of the intelligent public mind, and the amused contempt with which its friends smile at the sneers of politicians who believe no progress possible because we are not yet in heaven. That is the stalest of stale gibes. If our political development had nothing to show for its present result but the "machine," and if a sensible administrative reform, which other nations have adopted, were hopeless for us, we might well pity ourselves.

ELLIOT C. COWDIN.

The sudden death of Mr. Cowdin was a shock to hosts of friends. His pure character and public spirit, his manly gentleness and urbanity of manner, with a high sense of patriotic duty, had made him a conspicuous figure in the city of New York. He was a man of great intelligence and liberality, always foremost in good works of many kinds, and a leading member of the Chamber of Commerce in its more general public relations. His sympathy, his purse, and his word were never wanting to worthy objects, and it is his high and peculiar praise that he was especially, and in a generous sense, a good citizen.

Until within a few years he had been an active merchant in the French trade, living for a long time in France, and crossing the ocean, we are told, not less than fifty times. His knowledge of French affairs was fresh and intimate, but he was, before all, a genuine American, and therefore he took a deep and constant interest in politics. During the war he was always an active leader, and since it ended he has been often a delegate to Conventions, and sat for one session in the Assembly at Albany. His acquaintance with public men was very large and friendly, and he would have graced many eminent positions. Incorruptible, steadfast, and courteous, he was also cautious and conservative, but with a smile of sympathy for the more adventurous pioneers.

It is his public spirit, however, that makes the death of this wholly private citizen a public loss. A republic contemplates such men as its supporters and vindicators—men whose motive of action is the public good, and not personal advantage. There are undoubtedly more eminent citizens, but Mr. Cowdin leaves behind him no citizen more faithful and worthy in all those duties which men owe to the community as well as to their private relations. He died at the age of sixty-one, having been apparently in perfect health until four days before his death.

THE STORY OF JOHN DE WITT.

A historical work of great value and interest has just been published by the Harpers—the *History of the Administration of John De Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland*, by James Geddes. The book takes up the story of Dutch politics at the point at which Motley ended in his *John of Barneveld*, and covers that most important period of the relations of the United Provinces with Cromwell's English Commonwealth, and the great internal contest between the House of Orange and the principle of provincial sovereignty. It includes also the struggle at sea between England and the Provinces, in which the Dutch naval power touched its highest and most heroic point in the careers of Tromp, who for ten weeks sailed the seas with a broom at his mast-head, to show that he had swept England off the ocean, and De Ruyter and De With—names which are synonymous with the naval glory of the Netherlands.

This history has never been adequately told. The material is largely in manuscript in state archives, and it demanded the kind of laborious and patient investigation and elucidation which Mr. Geddes has given to it, and without which the work was impracticable. It was the more difficult because De Witt, able and sagacious and devoted as he was, was still not one of the great figures of history—not like William of Orange or John of Barneveld. Yet his story is indispensable to a clear understanding of the great politics of the time. The accounts of Tromp and the naval chiefs are very romantic, and even touching, and a new light is shed upon Cromwell's foreign policy, in his earnest desire to merge the two commonwealths in a league for the advancement of the true religion, while the Dutch policy was an alliance for the security of trade.

John De Witt maintained in the Dutch republic the principle of local sovereignty which John C. Calhoun represented in the American. His most memorable state paper is a plea for local provincial independence, and his most significant act was the exclusion of the House of Orange, which represented centralization, or Dutch nationality, from the Stadtholdership. The logic of De Witt's position was almost political disintegration, and Mr. Geddes thinks that every Dutchman should be glad that it failed. But the narrative is very interesting and suggestive, and the work, which will be completed in another volume, is indispensable to a proper knowledge of the time.

DR. OSGOOD.

Nobody spoke more kindly and tenderly of the living or the dead than Dr. Osgood, and there is no one who knew him who will speak of him in any other strain. His death, like that of Mr. Cowdin, was very sudden, and in him this community loses another of those men who are interested in all scholarly objects and in humane works of every kind. He was a student, a preacher, an author, an active and public-spirited citizen, an ecclesiastic of the sincerest kind. In later years, although for most of his life a Unitarian clergyman, he joined the Episcopal communion. Yet his last public appearance was as the reverential eulogist of Channing. He believed in the Broad Church, the Church Catholic, and he was fonder of finding points of agreement than of difference. In many circles and societies and clubs his presence, so constantly familiar, will be strangely missed, and the fellowship of letters loses in Samuel Osgood a kind and accomplished comrade, whose purity of character and life, and whose unwavering devotion to high ideals, will be long and warmly remembered.

BUTTER.

The visit of the Agricultural Committee of Congress to New York was the occasion of a protest from the dairy interest against its new and menacing enemy, oleomargarine. This commodity has stolen—we might more appropriately say slipped—into the market almost unawares, and now disputes it even with honey-sweet, golden Philadelphia butter. Two or three millions of persons and millions of dollars are interested and invested in the making of butter within a certain area, and this great interest is endangered by "half a dozen manufacturers of oleomargarine," and twenty such manufacturers could put as much "imitation butter" upon the market as the present supply of "natural butter."

Happy they who eat no butter, and thus escape all counterfeits! Pure oleomargarine is the product of milk charged with an excess of beef fat. But who shall insure its purity? The dairy interest insists that as adulteration of manufactured food and drink is universal, as chiccory is passed off for coffee, and ground starch for flour, and Newark cider for Champagne of Rheims, so milk is charged with grease of low degree, and the horrible product sold, not for what it is, but for butter. Affrighted epicures are informed that they are eating their old candle-ends and tallow-dip remnants in the guise of butter, as unnamable animals are served as hare and venison ragouts in Parisian cafés. One gentleman at the meeting of protest declared, with a kind of grim satisfaction, that "the first manufacturer of this article is now languishing, I understand, in a Chilian jail."

The fact seems to be that oleomargarine is now an article of trade and consumption. It can be found at the grocers', and if it is sold by some as butter, it is, to our knowledge, sold by others as oleomargarine. One person who had adventured upon tasting it told us that it was not so good as good butter, but better than butter at the same price. There is a petition, however, and largely signed, asking Congress to prohibit "the admixture of fats with butter, milk, or cream," to prohibit the sale of oleomargarine as butter, and also its exportation, and to place the manufacture of all admixtures of fat or grease under the control of the National Board of Health, and in general to make all enactments necessary to protect all dairy producers and consumers. The Congressional committee were magnificently "dined" by the oleomargarine companies, and inspected the manufacture. Their report will be awaited with interest; and meanwhile let every doubting butter buyer ascertain what he is buying—if he can.

THE BANK SUPERINTENDENT.

In Governor Cornell's inaugural speech there was a suggestion to the effect that the best kind of reform was retaining officers who were found to be fit and efficient. Governor Cornell has now replaced Mr. Lamb, the Superintendent of Banking, with Mr. Hepburn, and it must be for some other reason than that Mr. Lamb was either unfit or inefficient. He has been one of the most excellent of public officers, conducting his department with an energy and intelligence that have commended him to the especial confidence of the important interest intrusted to him, and to universal public respect. It is not among the least of his official virtues that he has been strictly devoted to his duties, and has not prostituted his place to any partisan or political end whatever.

Mr. Hepburn, who succeeds him, has been known as an opponent of the kind of politics represented by Governor Cornell and his advisers, until within a few months, when he has become identified with them. Mr. Hepburn was the chairman of the late railroad investigating committee, and the bills pending before the Legislature upon the subject of freightage are known by his name. He is a gentleman of integrity and ability, but it is unfortunate that his appointment involves the practical removal of a most admirable and experienced officer.

The apparent change of Mr. Hepburn's political sympathies within the party, and his appointment immediately following, are significant of the conditions of political promotion under the present party management. Young men with a taste and ambition and capacity for public life are soon shown that advancement is given only to those who bow to Gesler's cap upon the pole. The strongest arguments against that management are furnished by the instance of young political aspirants who are compelled to a servility which they despise. There was no public reason whatever for the displacement of Mr. Lamb. It was required neither by the interests of the State nor of the banks, but only by those of a certain kind of political management.

TALL TALK.

Is "voiced" a better word than expressed, or "donate" than give, or "commence" than begin? We have no wish to poach upon Mr. Grant White's preserve, nor have we consulted with him, but we are very sure that neither he nor any other lover of pure and simple English would say that Daniel Webster voiced his views upon the subject, or that he had donated a tautog to Mr. Peter Harvey, or that he commenced to reply to Mr. Hayne at one o'clock. Mr. Webster stated, or gave, or expressed his opinions—he did not voice them; and he gave a tautog, and he began to reply. It is not more intelligible, nor expressive, nor elegant, nor simple, to say voice instead of express, or donate instead of give.

We make the protest because it ought to be made. The abuse is creeping in like a tide, and even excellent speakers and writers are yielding to the current. With our friends of the dairy interest, of whom we speak elsewhere, let us insist that oleomargarine shall be oleomargarine, and butter, butter. If we mean give, let us say give, and not donate; and if we have views to express, let us express them, and not voice them, nor even commence to voice them. If the father who warned his son not to indulge in osculatory blandishments with young persons of the other sex had said, "Don't kiss the girls," he would have spoken much more intelligibly, simply, forcibly, and elegantly.

PARLIAMENTARY AND CONGRESSIONAL DEBATES.

Some English critics are complaining of the small space given by the newspapers to the reports of Parliamentary debates. In this country, also, there is the merest abstract, not always complete, of the proceedings of Congress. Readers who care for the information gather it from the letters of correspondents, colored, of course, with their personal and political preferences. Very few, even of such readers, would wade through the *Record*. Even when a political speech of some noted party chief is published, it is hard to find any one who reads it except editors and politicians, and they are a very small part of the great public.

It is fair to presume that the meagre newspaper reports of Congressional proceedings satisfy the popular demand, or some sagacious journal would report them more amply. In any case, no paper could give more than a summary of the *Record*, which is a large daily pamphlet.

One English critic complains that the journals, by their extremely attenuated Parliamentary reports, are casting contempt upon Parliament. But this is an error. The leading article takes the place of details in the only practicable daily way. It is one of the chief duties of the editorial writer to serve as an intermediary between Congress or Parliament and the country. He must do the drudgery of mastering the debates, and his excellence as a writer depends upon the intelligent comprehension and fidelity with which he selects the generally important subjects, and the skill with which he treats them. The weekly papers have often no Parliamentary summary whatever, but the reader gets from their articles upon the debates quite as clear and satisfactory a view of the general course of proceedings, and of the more important topics discussed, as the reader of the verbatim record. There is a mere Parliamentary or Congressional summary only because nothing more is now required, except in the case of a really important speech, which is always published in full.

PERSONAL.

"The vivacity of the American character" is illustrated in an incident that occurred to Mr. G. A. Sala during a Western railway trip. He says: "In the 'smoker,' between Chicago and Cedar Rapids, I was addressed as 'partner' and offered a 'plug of terbacker' by a gaunt youth of nineteen, with lank, hay-colored hair, whose coarse homespun coat and vest, red flannel under-shirt—over-shirt he had none—misshapen felt hat, and pantaloons tucked into boots knee-high, bespoke him to be a rough of the roughs. He was nothing whatever of the kind. He was a graduate of the university of his State, had taken high honors in the department of mineralogy, and was now on his way far West, with a view to 'prospecting around' in the mining regions."

—The King of Sweden, who slightly affects authorship, has just published in the official *Swedish Gazette* a poetic rendering of the legend of *Lohengrin*.

—Senator Bayard financially is not a millionaire, being set down by Wilmingtonians as worth about $100,000. But he has an income, from his investments, his salary as Senator, his attorneyship of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, and law practice, of about $20,000.

—Mr. Nathaniel Thayer's benefactions to Harvard College, represented by buildings, endowments, and permanent deposits, exceed $250,000.

—Dining a few evenings since with a party of lawyers, judges, etc., allusion was made to the old stock bogie of thirteen at dinner. One of the most noticeable instances of how the old prediction was not verified was published not long since in that repository of curious things, London *Notes and Queries*. It stated that thirteen British officers, before going out to the Crimean war, sat down together at dinner in London. Of course the "unlucky number" was promptly alluded to, the chances of war adding to the probability of its fulfillment. But it did not. After the war the same thirteen officers again met and dined together in London, nor did any of them die during the succeeding year.

—On getting back to Ireland, Mr. Parnell boasted that he was the only foreigner who had ever been permitted to address the American House of Representatives.

—Secretary Sherman, in his home at Mansfield, Ohio—a plain, unpretentious house, comfortably but not richly furnished—lives as simply and quietly as any of his well-to-do neighbors. He is as accessible there as at the Treasury. After dinner a bag of papers and documents is dumped upon the table, and these he usually goes through with before bed-time. He is a great reader of newspapers, and gets not less than fifty daily. He glances at all of these, and keeps thoroughly posted on current events. Though not a millionaire, he is comfortably situated. He says frankly that he is a candidate for the Presidency, but does not push himself, nor neglect the Treasury business to advance his interests as a candidate. He is a warm personal friend of both General Grant and Senator Blaine, and their pleasant personal relations have not been disturbed by the fact that they are Presidential candidates.

—It was the late Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, who, speaking one day of the Keystone State, said, "Pennsylvania has produced two able men—Benjamin Franklin, of Boston, and Albert Gallatin, of Geneva."

—President Hayes, in a recent conversation, expressed his belief that the last half of his administration had been as pleasant and free from perplexities and troubles as ever falls to the lot of an incumbent of the Presidential chair. "At the outset," he said, "there were misunderstandings and misapprehensions, but in general a good degree of harmony now exists, and the administration of affairs is, on the whole, such as meets approval. I have often been accused of taking optimistic views; but I think throughout the country in general there has been a revival of just such views the past twelve months, and I am not sure but that everybody is better off for having taken hopeful and reasonable views of the future of this great country."

—Although Senator Edmunds is a very exacting man, he is nevertheless held in great esteem by most of his associates. It has long been the practice of some Senators to take their bills to him for approval before introducing them. Sometimes he will change a comma, a word, or a sentence, but when the bill he has seen comes up for action, he is pretty sure to favor it.

—John Best, the oldest Mason in the United States, has just died near Zanesville, Ohio. He was born in 1780, was initiated in his native town on attaining his majority, and retained his membership until death. He had therefore been a Mason seventy-eight years.

—The King of Portugal, a man of scholarly tastes, has successfully translated several of Shakspeare's plays into Portuguese.

—A morning contemporary, writing of Mr. Tilden, says his habits are simple and regular. He rises about ten, breakfasts on oatmeal porridge, a little meat, and a cup of chocolate. He then works with his stenographer until three, dictating letters, and giving instructions to his principal adherents in all parts of the country. At three he goes out to drive; sometimes on horseback. At six he reaches home, and half an hour later dines. He eats and drinks sparingly, Burgundy being his preference; sometimes, though seldom, he takes a glass of Champagne. His intimates are cognizant of the very high quality of his Johannisberger. He is a genial host, and entertains well. His conversation is thoughtful, and he interests those who listen. He has an excellent cook. Sometimes after dinner he goes to the theatre, of which he is very fond. At twelve promptly he goes to bed. At other times a supper is served at eleven; but at twelve he retires, often leaving his friends still at table.

—The House of Commons just elected contains many new young men, as well as many former members who are still young, though prominent in public life. Young men will always be fighting their way to the front in all countries. Mr. Gladstone, who has been the great inspiring spirit in the recent political revolution, was in Parliament at twenty-three, and a Lord of the Treasury at twenty-five; Lord Palmerston was Secretary of War at twenty-five, as Bolingbroke was at twenty-six; the Marquis of Lansdowne was in the cabinet at twenty-six; William Pitt was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-four, and Sir Robert Peel was Chief Secretary for Ireland at the same age. In our own country young men have early come into position: Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury at thirty-two; Henry Clay was in the Senate at twenty-nine; Douglas was in the House at thirty, and in the Senate at thirty-four; at thirty-four John Quincy Adams was Minister at Berlin; Buchanan was in the House at thirty-one, Minister to Russia at forty-one, and in the Senate at forty-three.

—The London *Telegraph*, in a recent editorial on literary men as diplomatists, consuls, etc., after alluding in complimentary terms to Everett, Irving, Motley, Bancroft, Bayard Taylor, and others, says: "With Mr. James Russell Lowell to represent the United States as Minister in London, and with Mr. Bret Harte as American Consul in Glasgow, literature has had such homage paid to her as is seldom accorded in this country. Nor is it possible to refrain from musing upon the vast diversity of ideas suggested by the grimy city upon the banks of the Clyde to a poet who has passed so much of his life among the cañons and pine-trees of Nevada and Wyoming. In one respect, however, the scenes contemplated by Mr. Bret Harte at Glasgow will be the same as have engaged his attention at Poker Flat and upon the Stanislaus. Glasgow will be as full of suggestions as the wild scenes in which red-shirted, poker-playing, revolver-carrying miners constituted the chief *dramatis personæ*. Will Mr. Bret Harte be able to rise to the level of his new opportunity? The answer to this crucial question is hidden from our eyes, but at any rate the American Consul at Glasgow may count with certainty upon the same cordial welcome from the British people as has just been extended by them to Mr. James Russell Lowell, and which—never withheld from American officials accredited to this country—is paid with greater effusion when they come to us with literary genius to recommend them." In reference to the query propounded by the *Telegraph*, it may be answered that our literary men who have represented us abroad as ministers and consuls have, without a single exception, acquitted themselves admirably. Neither our government nor people have ever had occasion to regret their appointment.

—Dr. William M. Taylor, pastor of the Tabernacle, will sail on June 2, with most of his family, for Europe. His congregation have voted him four months' leave of absence, and also a gift of $2500 to meet some of the expenses of his journey. The doctor has suffered somewhat from the incessant hard work of the past year.

—We are pleased to learn from the London papers that Mr. James Payn, the popular novelist, has been the recipient of a munificent testimonial, as a recognition of his literary merit. Mr. Wrigley, an opulent paper manufacturer of Manchester, who died recently, leaving property to the amount of £700,000, left to the wife of Mr. Payn £2000, and to each of the novelist's seven daughters £1000. The readers of *Harper's Weekly*, with whom Mr. Payn's novels are deservedly popular, will congratulate the author on the good fortune which has befallen him.

—At a recent meeting of the trustees of the Lenox Library a memorial notice of the death of James Lenox was entered on the minutes, in the course of which it is said, "His surviving associates in the board record this event with a personal sorrow that is only mitigated by their abiding sense of the completeness of his life and the perfection of his life's work. In every relation of life his influence was that of a Christian gentleman, inspired by the sense of duty, and governed by the obligations of justice. The visible monuments of his liberality, substantial and impressive as they are, bear small proportion to those widely scattered and generous benefactions which have made glad the hearts of many in many lands. His silent tides of benevolence quietly flowed into many waste places, of whose metes and bounds there is no earthly record. This library is the lasting monument of his devotion to history, literature, and art. Its rich collections are literally personal memorials of his loving and faithful labors in those perennial fields of noblest culture. It was the charm of his youth, the delight of his manhood, the comfort of his age; and as he has given it his name, it will be the glory of his memory hereafter."

—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says: "A political satire by an American ex-diplomatist, entitled *The Political Comedy of Europe*, will shortly be published here. Its object is the condemnation of excessive armaments. Its humorous and dramatic form is expected to give it a great run."

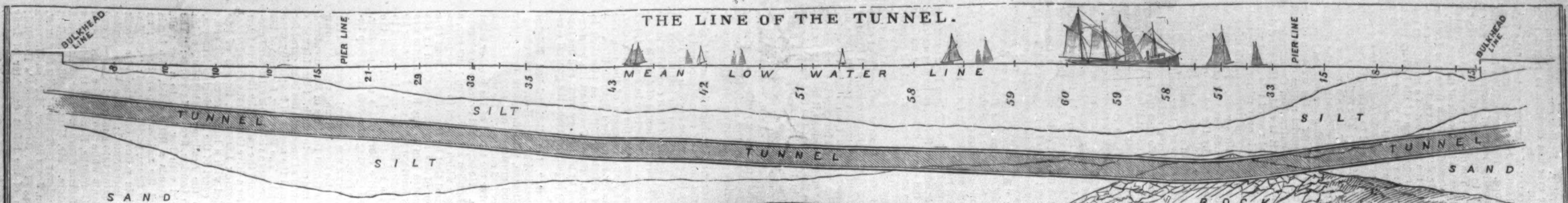
—It is a long time since Prince Bismarck has spent his birthday in Berlin, as he has a strong aversion to the showy demonstrations made in the city upon such an occasion. At his country house, however, he is not able to escape a hail-storm of congratulations and gifts upon that day. The staff of officials at the local post-office has to be considerably augmented, and loads of letters, telegrams, and parcels pour in from all parts of Germany and from other countries. Many a peasant or loyal burgher in some remote corner of the empire thinks it his duty to render tribute to the Prince; the first plovers' eggs to be found in the Frisian marshes, the finest snipes procurable, and the choicest produce of farm or dairy are certain to reach Prince Bismarck's larder, which, as he once jocosely remarked, scarcely needed any other replenishing than that afforded by the gratuitous offerings of his numberless admirers and substantial well-wishers.

—Señor Castelar is going to lecture at Oxford in June on the points of resemblance and analogy, not only between the Spanish and English literatures, but also between the institutions and early municipal régime of both countries in the Middle Ages, before the house of Austria entered the Peninsula. His lecture in England, like his reception speech in the Spanish Academy, will show why the influence of the romantic school is greater in modern Spanish literature than that of classic tradition so prevalent in Latin countries. Señor Castelar has been entirely absorbed by his literary work, and has taken little share in politics since the general election in Spain.

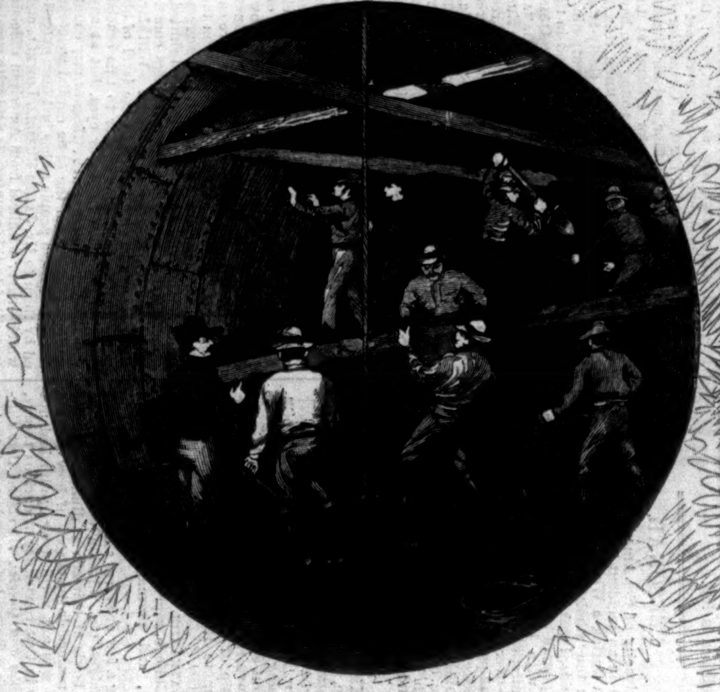
—M. Baugniet, the distinguished Belgian painter, is described by Mrs. Hooper as a charming old gentleman, with fine dark eyes, silver white hair and mustache, and manners full of winning grace and courtesy. He was among the first to discover the talent of his brother artist Mr. Millais. He happened to see in an obscure corner of a London art exhibition, years ago, a a small picture which seemed to him so powerful and original that he immediately went to a picture-dealer of his acquaintance, and by his praises persuaded him to buy it. Millais was then not over fourteen years old. Long after he had become distinguished he was introduced to Baugniet at a reception, and heard from the Belgian this little story of his early painting. This was the beginning of a firm friendship between the two men.

—Count Moltke was somewhat surprised the other day when his door-bell rang, and the Crown Prince and the Grand Duchess of Baden entered and said they had come to lunch. Since his wife's death the general's household has been cared for by his sister, and the means of hospitality were quickly at hand. The Emperor, hearing of his children's impromptu visit to his celebrated general, called toward the end of the lunch to fetch his daughter for a drive through the Thiergarten.

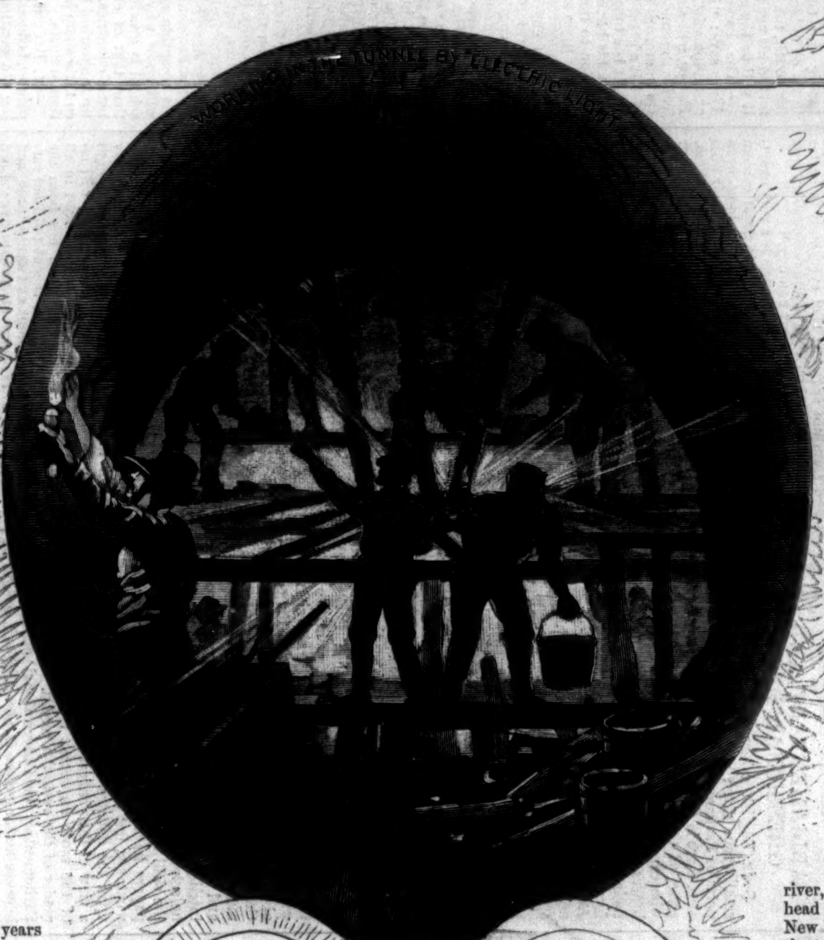
—Sir Frederick Leighton, though of late much occupied with a large fresco lately completed in the court of the Kensington Museum, will send to the Academy Exhibition, which soon opens in London, five or six works: "The Sisters," a girl with her back to a low wall, upon which stands a little child, who bends down to meet the maiden's upward gaze; an upright female figure, partly draped; "Stephanotis," a girl, in yellow dress, against a Greek architectural background; "The White Sultana," a girl looking into a mirror held up by one of her attendants while she binds a scarf round her head; "Osamathe, Nereid of the Sands," a seated nude female figure, with her back turned to the spectators. Mr. Millais will exhibit at the Royal Academy portraits of Miss Schomby, the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., and Luther Holden, Esq., of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; a full-length of the infant daughter of Lady Stepney; and a portrait of the artist by himself. The title of the artist's subject picture is "Listen, Cuckoo," two girls seated in a wood.

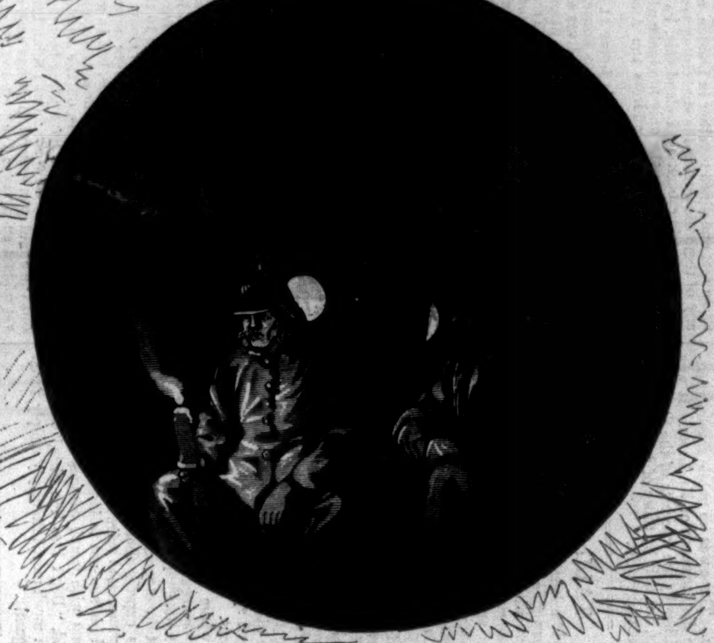


THE LINE OF THE TUNNEL.

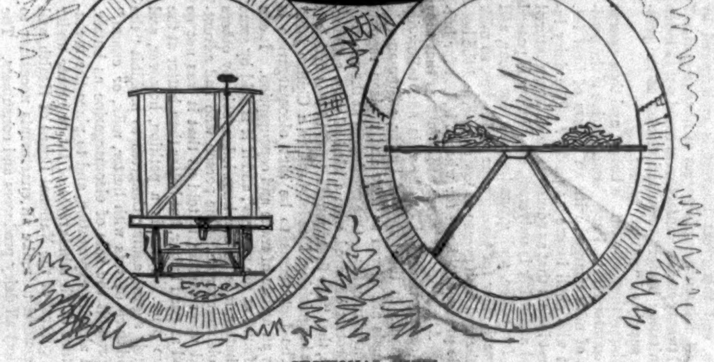


REMOVING SILT, AND PUTTING IN PLATES.


WORKING IN THE TUNNEL BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.



IN THE AIR LOCKER.



SECTIONAL VIEW.

THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.—PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE JERSEY CITY SIDE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.

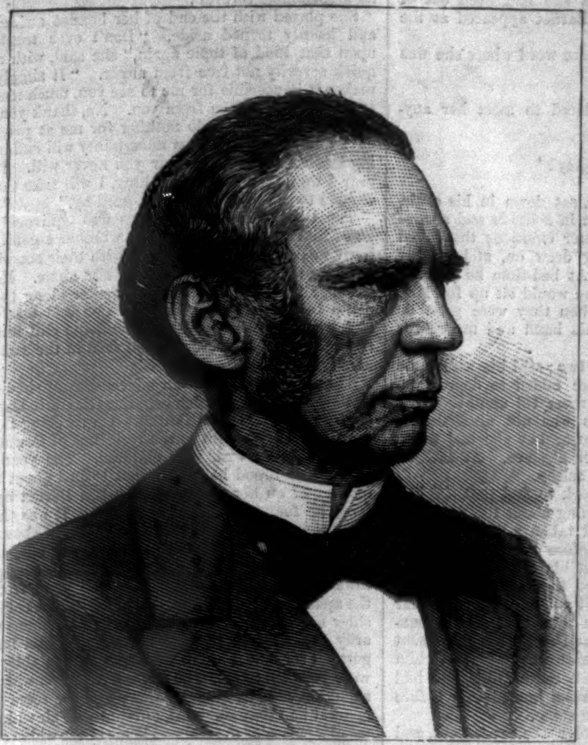
The work of tunnelling the Hudson River is pushing steadily on, and it is expected that in three years from now trains arriving in Jersey City will run directly through to New York, and land their passengers in Broadway, somewhere near the Metropolitan Hotel, in six minutes' time. The company says that more than 400 trains of cars could be passed through in twenty-four hours on the double track. Freight trains will use the tunnel exclusively at night, and market trains in the early morning. All will be drawn by engines made especially for the purpose. These will consume their own steam and smoke. A powerful engine will be always at work forcing air into the tunnel.

The entire length of the tunnel will be about 12,000 feet; that is, about one mile under the water, and three-quarters of a mile on each side. Thus far only the New Jersey end has been bored; but the work on this side will soon be begun, and the excavations will proceed from both banks until they meet. As many men will be kept constantly engaged, day and night, as can be successfully employed at once, in making the hole and building the lining wall. The gangs will be changed every eight hours, thus doing three days' labor every twenty-four hours. All the work will be done by electric light.

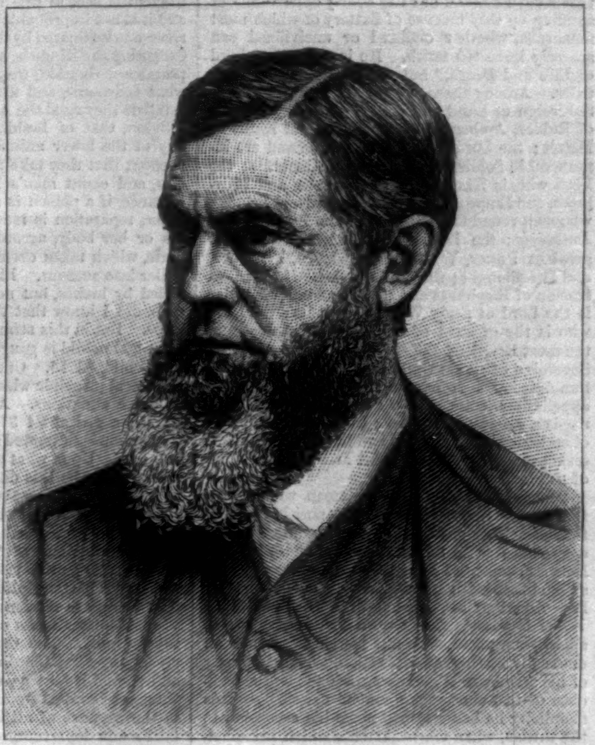
The tunnel will be lined throughout with iron plates, and these in turn will be faced all over with the best hard-burned brick and hydraulic cement, three feet thick. The bricks will be made from the refuse taken from the tunnel. This, it is said, will effect a saving of $2 25 on every thousand used. As there will be 2013 bricks in each running foot of wall, it will be seen that the saving is considerable. The interior will be painted white, and will be lighted with gas. The entrance in Jersey City will be from Jersey Avenue, in Fifteenth Street. The tunnel will be a single one, twenty-six feet wide and twenty-four feet high in the clear, down to within a few feet of the river on both sides, and a double one all the way under the water, where the two tunnels will run side by side, each eighteen feet high and sixteen feet wide in the clear. It is to extend from Jersey Avenue to Hudson Street and the river, about 3400 feet; thence under the river, curving five degrees northward, to the New York bulkhead line, at or near the foot of Morton Street, about 5400 feet; thence, curving slightly southward in New York, about 3000 feet, to a point to be selected by the city authorities. The extension grade of the tunnel is two in 100 feet, descending from Jersey City, then ascending on the New York side three in 100 feet for 1500 feet. From that point the ascent will be on the grade of two in 100 feet to the New York end. The greatest depth of the water in the river is about sixty feet. Most of the bottom of the river-bed is composed of tenacious silt, underlaid by hard sand. Near the New York shore a small extent of rock is encountered, and some gravel.

It is believed that the capital of $10,000,000 will be all-sufficient, as no expensive coffer-dams, caissons, or Brunel shields will be required. The introduction of compressed air into the face of the tunnel, which was declared by several scientific men to be impossible, with sufficient pressure to hold in place clay or water, was a great assistance. The air pressure will also be used to carry back through pipes to the working shaft any clay, mud, or water that may be accumulated in the heading during the course of the excavation. The managers feel much pleased with the success of this system. It does the work admirably, they say, and the men on issuing from the tunnel feel no bad effect from their confinement. The passage to the tunnel from the bottom of the shaft is made through an air-locker, which is something like a long round boiler lying on its side, with a door at each end. When one enters the door is sealed, and the compressed air is forced in from above until the pressure equals that in the tunnel beyond, when the door at that end opens, and he steps out into the passageway leading below the river-bed.

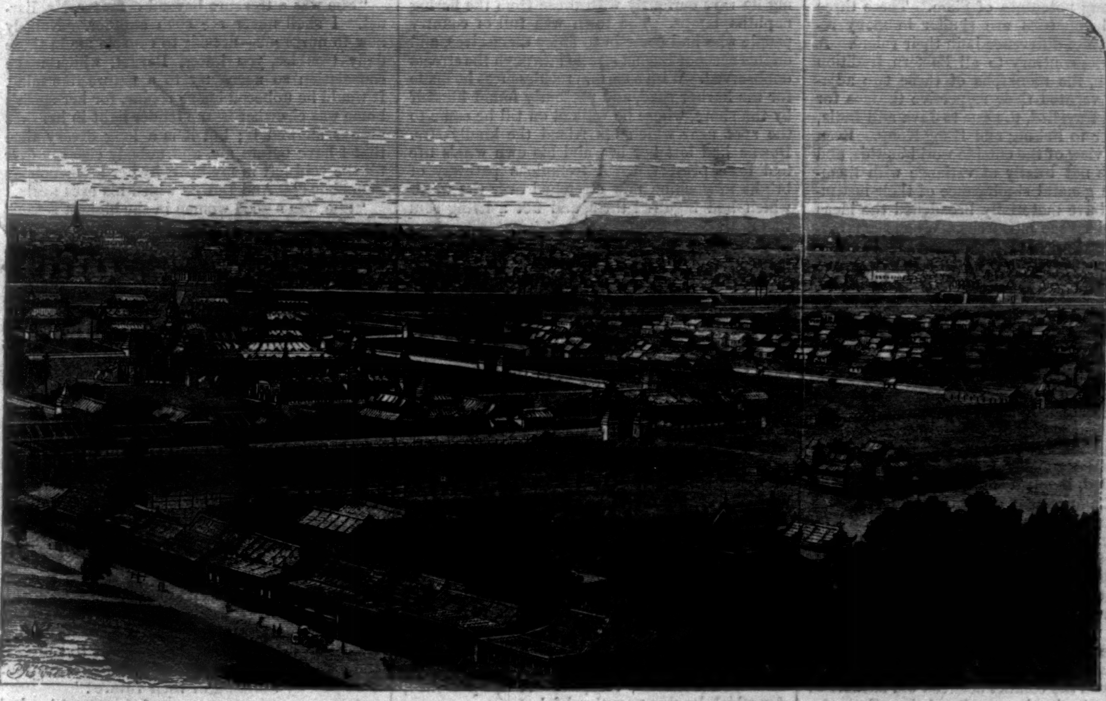
The active manager of the Tunnel Company is its President, Dewitt C. Haskin, under whose direction the work has been planned and prosecuted. The other officers are C. G. Lincoln, Treasurer; L. C. Fowler, Secretary; Charles G. Francklyn, Trenor W. Park, C. G. Lincoln, J. S. Wethered, William M. Force, L. C. Fowler, D. C. Haskin, Directors; Spielmann & Brush, Engineers in Charge; Colonel William H. Paine, Consulting Engineer.



ELLIOT C. COWDIN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY KURTZ.
[SEE PAGE 279.]



REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., LL.D.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.
[SEE PAGE 275.]



VIEW OF THE CITY OF MANDALAY, CAPITAL OF BURMAH.

AN ORIENTAL MONSTER.

By FRANK VINCENT, JUN.,

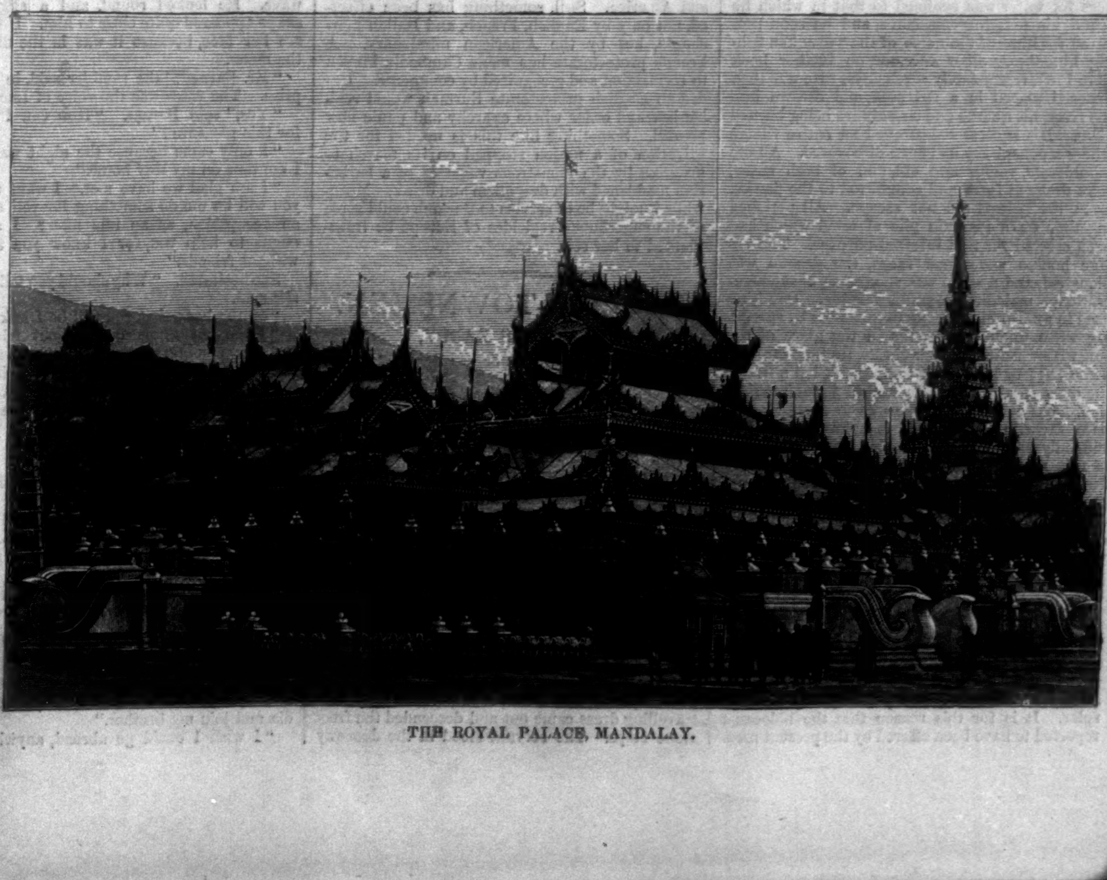
AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT."

THE recent news from Burmah is so startling that it is inevitable that a general interest should be excited in that strange land and its inhabitants. One need hardly be surprised to hear of atrocious deeds perpetrated by the rulers of barbarous or semi-civilized countries; but that a potentate even so low down in the scale of enlightenment as the King of Burmah should seek to appease the wrath of the evil spirits in whom he is said to believe by burying alive seven hundred men, women, and children, makes a more than ordinary appeal to the imagination and execration of the Christian world. Yet this is what King THEEBAU is said to have done. The audacity of the deed is increased by the fact that within three hundred miles of the capital, Mandalay, where this massacre took place, was stationed an English garrison several thousand strong. The report is contradicted, and may be untrue, but meanwhile the "institutions" which afflict Burmah give color to any amount of credulity which the reader of the daily journals may vouchsafe.

For instance, the government of Burmah is a pure despotism. It therefore protects the chief ruler in any crime, however horrible or nefarious, he may choose to perpetrate, and enables him, with impunity, to hold the lives and fortunes of his subjects in the hollow of his hand. He is the father of the state; the mandarins and the magistrates bear a similar relation to the provinces and departments over which they respectively preside. The laws are created in accordance with the grossest instincts of savagery, and are the full expression of ferocious principles of which certain laws in our own country may be regarded as faint reverberations. Bribery thrives in the rankest luxuriance. What is there named justice is founded upon the celebrated Institutes of Menu; but the most unfortunate thing that can happen to a citizen is to fall into its clutches, unless he be rich enough to buy himself out. If a litigant is wealthy, the suit is apt to be a long and costly one, and a decision is frequently given in favor of him who pays the highest. A favorite mode of trial is that by ordeal. In accordance with this principle of equity, the party that can remain the longer beneath the surface of the water, or that shows the more endurance in immersing his finger in boiling water or melted lead, is in the right, and comes forth victor. Punishments are extremely cruel. For murder and treason, decapitation, drowning, and burning alive are most in vogue. For offenses less heinous, maiming, branding, imprisonment, slavery, the stocks, and laboring in chains are held in reserve. Cruel floggings are all but universal, and are inflicted even upon the highest officers of the state. There, as in China, the bamboo is the invariable instrument; and the fear of the cane, which in these regions is the beginning of wisdom, may be said to influence all Eastern Asia. The system of forfeits and fines is more rigorous than that prescribed by Mosaic law. If a man steal a horse, he must surrender two; if an ox, he must surrender fifteen; a buffalo, thirty; a pig, fifty; a young fowl, one hundred; a man, ten, or four if he only conceal him. These requirements, indeed, are the best part of Burmese law. The fact which I wished to emphasize is that, in the main, the laws are cruel, and that justice means injustice.

It would seem that this ought not to be the case in a land so immediately bordering on British territory. The most facile mode of reaching it is by traversing about four hundred miles of British ground—a lovely province named Pegu, taken from Burmah in 1853, the date of accession of the present King's father. The kingdom of which we speak is a very secluded portion of Farther India. Accessibility is not easy excepting by the route named. The locality is between Hindostan and the Bay of Bengal on the west, and Siam on the east. Mandalay, the capital, is on the great Irrawadi River, about seven hundred miles from its mouth. The city is nearly a mile square, and is surrounded by a high brick wall. Macadamized avenues one hundred feet wide intersect each other at right angles. The grass-roofed houses, mostly built of bamboo, are raised a few feet from the ground on posts; in some of the principal streets, however, the structures are of wood, and are two stories in height. Lying upon a plain, the general aspect would be very monotonous but for the pagodas, monasteries, and image-houses, which sprout up in every direction, and lend diversity of contour and color. The population may be placed at 100,000. The trade is mainly controlled by Chinese merchants. At the time of my visit, a few years ago, less than a score of European residents were there. These were mostly officials of the English government, which since the last war has always maintained a political agent at the capital. Upon the advent of the present King that officer became convinced that wisdom demanded his withdrawal. The entire population of Burmah is not more than 3,500,000; the whole extent of territory is 600 miles in length and 400 in width.

The King, who alone decides upon peace or war, and who dispenses at pleasure imprisonment, torture, and death, resides in a palace, the walls surrounding which are double, the inner walls inclosing seventy-five acres of ground. Within this space are found the royal pagodas, temples, barracks, mint, law courts, monasteries, military store-houses, and finally the magnificent Hall of Audience, built of dark wood intricately carved and gayly ornamented. Here is the abode of the White Elephant; here are the library and the various palaces of the King and royal family; and it is needless to say that the families of the pre-eminently married potentates of Asia necessitate a perfect labyrinth of imperial residences. The style of architecture in all these fabrics is highly ornate. The roofs are lofty and pyramidal, and the edifices are always built upon piles raised five or six feet from the ground. The King, dwelling here in the midst of his wives and favorites, has the satisfaction of knowing that the entire domain of Burmah is owned by the crown. His revenue is $5,000,000; but this sum proving too trifling for his orgies, he has lately created lotteries, to which his subjects were forced to subscribe. This method of raising money is quite as effective as that of the old King, which was to buy goods at a very cheap rate, and to serve them out at a very dear one as pay to his troops and followers. These grossly badgered victims were afterward forced to sell the goods at an enormous sacrifice.



THE ROYAL PALACE, MANDALAY.

It is in this barbarously magnificent residence that King Theebau has the hourly opportunity of snuffing up that incense of flattery of which most monarchs, whether civilized or uncivilized, can scarcely have too much. He is not only "Lord of Life and Death," but enjoys a score of other titles. Among these are Mighty Lord; Glorious Sovereign of Land and Sea; Possessor of Mines of Rubies, Amber, Gold, Silver, and all Kinds of Metals; the Lord under whose Command are innumerable Soldiers, Captains, and Generals; the Lord who is King of many Countries and Provinces, and Emperor over many Rulers and Princes, who wait round the Throne with the Badges of his Authority; the Lord who is adorned with the greatest Power, Wisdom, Knowledge, Prudence, and Forethought; the Lord who is rich in the Possession of Elephants and Horses, and in particular is the Lord of many White Elephants; the Lord who is the greatest of Kings, the most Just and the most Religious, the Master of Life and Death; Sovereign of all the Umbrella-bearing Chiefs; the Sun-descended Monarch. In announcing these appellations categorically the royal Chamberlain needs a cultivated memory; but probably his recollection of past bamboos and his dread of future ones produce as fine an effect as the best system of *memoria technica*.

When I first saw the gentleman who enjoys these titles he was occupying a position which, though neither comfortable nor dignified, was in accordance with the strictest etiquette of the Burmese court. I was at that time honored with an audience with his father—an event which I have described at some length in *The Land of the White Elephant*. The Crown Prince was a tall, slight young man, with fine piercing eyes, and an unusually intelligent expression. The simplicity of his attire was slightly contradicted by the presence of two enormous diamond ear-rings. This simplicity he has retained since his ascension to the throne, when the ornaments which principally distinguished his appearance from that of an ordinary Burmese citizen were a spray of diamonds, worn in his hair, and worth the value of a province, and a ring whose solitary sapphire is doubtless the richest in the world. His extreme handsomeness rendered his attitude on the abovementioned occasion the more noticeable. He was lying at full length, face downward, before the throne, his nose literally touching the floor. Upon the royal dais sat his august father, King Mounglon, in shirtless majesty. Mounglon died in 1878, and the Executive Council, consisting of the four principal ministers of state, immediately elected Theebau to the throne. Absolute authority proved more than the untrained mind of the young man could bear. Instead of seeking advice from his father's old and trusted councillors, he surrounded himself with young men and minions of his own age, and began that career of debauchery in which he has since proved so signal a success. He emulated those ancient heroes of infamy who are known to history as the rulers of Rome, and probably no crime accomplished by them has been left unachieved by him. In this manner he has become known to the world. He disposed of claimants to the throne by immediately putting to death all who in the remotest degree could feel an interest in that direction. The doings of Herod, Nero, and the King of Dahomey pale their ineffectual fires and hide their diminished heads compared with those of this Eastern Majesty. Of the hundred and ten children left by his royal father, all but three were put to the slaughter. One can not call the King of Burmah "brother" without feeling that the executioner is on his track. Some of these princes and princesses were flogged to death, others were buried alive, many were drawn and quartered, and not a few were blown to atoms with gunpowder. Several ancestors of Theebau have, I believe, acted quite as badly. The dynasty extends back for one hundred and thirty years, and is stained with bloody crimes. One of the old kings drowned his uncle, who was said to have conspired against him, and then proceeded to pass his life in fishing and drinking. His fondness for water was confined to that in which he found his piscatory pleasures, and he soon procured for himself the name of the "drunken fishing king." Another ancestor, no further back than 1781, reigned only seven days. He was then deposed, placed in a red sack, and thrown into the river, his queens and concubines being burned alive. His successor destroyed an entire village where a conspiracy had been discovered. All the inhabitants, young and old, and of both sexes, were dragged forth and committed to the flames. Even the priests did not escape. All perished together on a gigantic pile of wood which had been erected for that infernal purpose. The village houses were then razed, the ground was ploughed, and a stone was erected as a commemoration, a malediction, and a warning. One king used to punish his delinquent ministers by spreading them upon their backs in the glare of the sun, with weights on their chests, till they expired. From 1837 to 1845 King Tharawadi led a life of the most royal debauchery and imperial intoxication. His favorite pastime was to assassinate a once favorite minister or companion who had suddenly become inimical. He paid the penalty of this murderous sport by being smothered to death in the recesses of his palace. His amiable son and successor devoted his regal genius to cock-fighting, ram-fighting, and gambling. To compile a catalogue of the executions that took place during his reign would tire the wrist and patience of a Hercules. King Theebau, therefore, may be thought worthy of the blood which sends its ferocious corpuscles coursing through his veins.

The people of Burmah, as will be gathered from the foregoing remarks, have been long accustomed to scenes of violence and bloodshed. They are simply slaves to the lust and rapacity of their ruler. It is for this reason that the holocaust reported to have been offered by the present monarch may perhaps be a fact. Astrologers are an influential sect in this remote part of the world, and it is not improbable that so stupendous a sacrifice was instigated by them. No nation on earth, excepting the Hindoos, are so superstitious. They practice divination, they believe in witches, they wear talismans, and they use love philters. As fatalists they rival the Arab and the Turk. Their religion, that of Buddha, forbids the killing of any of the lower animals; perhaps it is on this account that they take revenge on their own species, and count man's life of little worth. For instance, if a person is accidentally killed by another, reparation is made by paying the price of his or her body, according to a nicely adjusted scale, which takes even the thousandth part of a dollar into account. I have heard of people being killed by inches, but never, until I went to Burmah, did I know that their lives were valued by mills. But in this strange land the life of a new-born male child is gauged at $2 50; that of a female child, $1 75. One would like to understand the moral principle which underlies the difference in these equations. A young boy is valued at $6 25; a girl at $4 37½. The price at which a young man is estimated is $18 75; a young woman, $20 62½. Upon what physical or psychical basis should there be this differentiation, amounting to $1 87½? The Burmese consciousness alone can tell. Though these are ridiculously low valuations, the greatest intrinsic worth is attached by this nation to its young women. The elephant, however, is valued at $50, or at more than double the rate at which the charms of the most highly appraised human being are measured. But in fact the royal white elephant takes rank immediately after the royal family. The Cambodian king is actually styled the First Cousin of the White Elephant; and should it be true, as has been reported, that Theebau has died from his excesses, the Burmese, in the absence of all legitimate successors, may take a new departure, and allow this beautiful and illustrious animal to ascend the blood-empurpled throne.

King Theebau, whether alive or dead, does not appear to advantage when compared with his royal neighbors the King of Cambodia or the brilliant young potentate of Siam. These three peoples and countries are similar in many respects; the chief difference is in their rulers. A few years ago, contrary to all Eastern tradition and etiquette, the monarchs of these two adjacent realms vacated their respective thrones for a while, and travelled, the one to Java and India, and the other to Peking and Hong-Kong. Even so limited a view of the outside world as this, and amid nations not totally at variance with themselves in the general significance of their institutions, must have materially broadened the ideas of these semi-savage monarchs. When such travels are extended to countries where a higher plane of civilization prevails, and when they are shared generally by the vain and brutal sovereigns in that hot-bed of despotism, who shall say what changes will not gradually creep into those torrid sanctuaries of tyranny, and throw over them the glamour of a splendid metamorphosis? Even now we learn that the King of Siam will be here in a few months, and when he returns home in December he will have the opportunity of comparing and contrasting all that is best in the respective civilizations of the United States and Europe.

Away from Mandalay I found the Burmese a simple-minded, indolent race, frank and courteous, fond of amusement, delighting in gay-colored apparel, friendly among themselves, and hospitable to strangers. But in the capital the tyrannous rapacity of the King and the unblushing venality of his officers created an influence which was but too sadly reflected in the bearing and deportment of the people. Throughout Burmah there were the strangest minglings of truth and error, sense and fatuity. For the past twenty years the country has been in a unique state of transition, and the conflict between old barbarism and new civilization has produced the effect of a rainbow illuminating chaos. Burmah, unlike Japan, has not yet become magnetized by Europe and America. Still, something has been effected, not only by English, French, and Italian merchants, but by the American missionary. A French protectorate has made Cambodia known to civilization and recognized by commerce. Under an English protectorate Burmah would realize law and order where anarchy and panic now prevail. Something like this is needed for the salvation of a nation stopped on its march to progress by the monstrous vagaries of a barbarian maddened with despotism and drink. Meanwhile it might be of service to Burmah could some of the superfluous regicides of Europe be transplanted to her soil.

FELLOW-TOWNSMEN.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Distracted Young Preacher," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

One September evening, four months later, when Mrs. Barnet was in perfect health, and Mrs. Downe but a weakening memory, an errand-boy paused to rest himself in front of Mr. Barnet's old house, depositing his basket on one of the window-sills. The street was not yet lighted, but there were lights in the house, and at intervals a flitting shadow fell upon the blind at his elbow. Words also were audible from the same apartment, and they seemed to be those of persons in violent altercation. But the boy could not gather their purport, and he went on his way.

Ten minutes afterward the door of Barnet's house opened, and a tall, closely veiled lady in a travelling dress came out and descended the freestone steps. The servant stood in the doorway watching her as she went with a measured tread down the street. When she had been out of sight for some minutes Barnet appeared at the door from within.

"Did your mistress leave word where she was going?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Is the carriage ordered to meet her anywhere?"

"No, sir."

"Did she take a latch-key?"

"No, sir."

Barnet went in again, sat down in his chair, and leaned back. Then in solitude and silence he brooded over the bitter emotions that filled his heart. The evening drew on, and nobody came to disturb him. At bed-time he told the servants to retire, that he would sit up for Mrs. Barnet himself; and when they were gone he leaned his head upon his hand and mused for hours.

The clock struck one, two; still his wife came not, and, with impatience added to depression, he went from room to room till another weary hour had passed. This was not altogether a new experience for Barnet; but she had never before so prolonged her absence. At last he sat down again, and fell asleep.

He awoke at six o'clock to find that she had not returned. In searching about the rooms he discovered that she had taken a case of jewels which had been hers before her marriage. At eight a note was brought him; it was from his wife, in which she stated that she had gone by the coach to the house of a distant relative, near London, and expressed a wish that certain boxes, articles of clothing, and so on, might be sent to her forthwith. The note was brought to him by a waiter at the Black Swan Hotel, and had been written by Mrs. Barnet immediately before she took her place in the stage.

By the evening this order was carried out, and Barnet, with a sense of relief, walked out into the town. A fair had been held during the day, and the large clear moon, which rose over the most prominent hill, flung its light upon the booths and standings which still remained in the street, mixing its rays curiously with those from the flaring naphtha lamps. The town was full of country people who had come in to enjoy themselves, and on this account Barnet strolled through the streets unobserved. With a certain recklessness he made for the harbor road, and presently found himself by the shore, where he walked on till he came to the spot near which his friend the kindly Mrs. Downe had lost her life, and his own wife's life had been preserved. A tremulous pathway of bright moonshine now stretched over the water which had ingulfed them, and not a living soul was near.

Here he ruminated on their characters, and next on the young girl in whom he now took a more sensitive interest than at the time when he had been free to marry her. Not a sign, so far as he was aware, had ever been shown by his own conduct that such an interest existed. He had made it a point of the utmost strictness to hinder that feeling from influencing in the faintest degree his attitude toward his wife; and this was made all the more easy for him by the small demand Mrs. Barnet made upon his attentions, for which she ever evinced the greatest contempt, thus unwittingly giving him the satisfaction of knowing that their severance owed nothing to jealousy, or, indeed, to any personal behavior of his at all. Her concern was not with him or his feelings, as she frequently told him; but that she had, in a moment of weakness, thrown herself away upon a common burgher, when she might have aimed at, and possibly brought down, a peer of the realm. Her frequent depreciation of Barnet in these terms had at times been so intense that he was sorely tempted to retaliate on her egotism by owning that he loved at the same low level that he lived; but prudence had prevailed, for which he was now thankful.

Something seemed to sound upon the shingle behind him over and above the raking of the wave. He looked round, and a slight girlish shape appeared quite close to him. He could not see her face, because it was in the direction of the moon.

"Mr. Barnet?" the rambler said, in timid surprise. The voice was the voice of Lucy Savile.

"Yes," said Barnet. "How can I repay you for this pleasure?"

"I only came because the night was so clear. I am now on my way home."

"I am glad we have met. I want to know if you will let me do something for you, to give me an occupation, as an idle man? I am sure I ought to help you, for I know you are almost without friends."

She hesitated. "Why should you tell me that?" she said.

"In the hope that you will be frank with me."

"I am not altogether without friends here. But I am going to make a little change in my life—to go out as a teacher of free-hand drawing and practical perspective, of course I mean on a comparatively humble scale, because I have not been specially educated for that profession. But I am sure I shall like it much."

"You have an opening?"

"I have not exactly got it, but I have advertised for one."

"Lucy, you must let me help you!"

"Not at all."

"You need not think it would compromise you, or that I am indifferent to delicacy. I bear in mind how we stand. It is very unlikely that you will succeed as teacher of the class you mention, so let me do something of a different kind for you. Say what you would like, and it shall be done."

"No; if I can't be a drawing-mistress or governess, or something of that sort, I shall go to India and join my brother."

"I wish I could go abroad, anywhere, everywhere, with you, Lucy, and leave this place and its associations forever!"

She played with the end of her bonnet string, and hastily turned aside. "Don't ever touch upon that kind of topic again," she said, with a quick severity not free from anger. "It simply makes it impossible for me to see you, much less receive any guidance from you. No, thank you, Mr. Barnet; you can do nothing for me at present; and as I suppose my uncertainty will end in my leaving for India, I fear you never will. If ever I think you *can* do anything, I will take the trouble to ask you. Till then, good-by."

The tone of her latter words was equivocal; and while he remained in doubt whether a gentle irony was or was not inwrought with their sound, she swept lightly round, and left him alone. He saw her form get smaller and smaller along the damp belt of sea-sand between ebb and flood; and when she had vanished round the cliff into the harbor road, he himself followed in the same direction.

That her hopes from an advertisement should be the single thread which held Lucy Savile in England was too much for Barnet. On reaching the town he went straight to the residence of Downe, now a widower with four children. The young motherless brood had been sent to bed about a quarter of an hour earlier, and when Barnet entered he found Downe sitting alone. It was the same room as that into which he had been shown at the beginning of the year, when Downe had fainted, and his wife had been so enviably tender toward him. The old neatness had gone from the apartment; articles lay in places which could show no reason for their presence, as if momentarily deposited there some months ago, and forgotten ever since; there were no flowers; things were jumbled together on the mantel-piece which should have been in cupboards; and the room in general had that stagnant, unrenovated air which usually pervades the maimed home of the widower.

Downe soon renewed his customary full-worded lament over his wife, and even when he had worked himself up to tears, went on volubly, as if a listener were a luxury to be enjoyed whenever he could be caught.

"She was a treasure beyond compare, Mr. Barnet. I shall never see such another. Nobody now to nurse me—nobody to console me in those daily troubles, you know, Barnet, which make consolation so necessary to a nature like mine. It would be unbecoming to repine, for her spirit's home was elsewhere—the tender light in her eyes always showed it; but it is a long dreary time that I have before me, and nobody else can ever fill the void left in my heart by her loss—nobody—nobody!" And Downe wiped his eyes again.

"She was a good woman in the highest sense," gravely answered Barnet, who, though Downe's words drew genuine compassion from his heart, could not help feeling that a tender reticence would have been a finer tribute to Mrs. Downe's really sterling virtues than such a second-class lament as this.

"I have something to show you," Downe resumed, producing from a drawer a sheet of paper on which was an elaborate design for a canopied tomb. "This has been sent me by the architect, but it is not exactly what I want."

"You have got Jones to do it, I see, the man who is carrying out my house," said Barnet, as he glanced at the signature to the drawing.

"Yes, but it is not quite what I want. I want something more striking—more like a tomb I have seen in St. Paul's Cathedral. Nothing less will do justice to my feelings, and how far short that will fall of it!"

Barnet privately thought the design a sufficiently imposing one as it stood, even extravagantly ornate; but, feeling that he had no right to criticise, he said, gently, "Downe, should you not live more in your children's lives at the present time, and soften the sharpness of regret for your own past by thinking of their future?"

"Yes, yes; but what can I do more?" asked Downe, wrinkling his forehead hopelessly.

It was with anxious slowness that Barnet produced his reply—the secret object of his visit tonight. "Did you not say one day that you ought by rights to get a governess for the children?"

Downe admitted that he had said so, but that he could not see his way to it. "The kind of woman I should like to have," he said, "would be rather beyond my means. No; I think I shall send them to school in the town when they are old enough to go out alone."

"Now I know of something better than that. The late Lieutenant Savile's daughter, Lucy, wants to do something for herself in the way of teaching. She would be inexpensive, and would answer your purpose as well as anybody for six or twelve months. She would probably come daily if you were to ask her, and so your housekeeping arrangements would not be much affected."

"I thought she had gone away," said the solicitor, musing. "Where does she live?"

Barnet told him, and added that if Downe should think of her as suitable, he would do well to call as soon as possible, or she might be on the wing. "If you do see her," he said, "it would be advisable not to mention my name. She is rather stiff in her ideas of me, and it might prejudice her against a course if she knew that I recommended it."

Downe promised to give the subject his consideration, and nothing more was said about it just then. But when Barnet rose to go, which was not till nearly bed-time, he reminded Downe of the suggestion, and went up the street to his own solitary home with a sense of satisfaction at his promising diplomacy in a charitable cause.

CHAPTER VII.

The walls of his new house were carried up nearly to their full height. By a curious though not infrequent reaction, Barnet's feelings about that unnecessary structure had undergone a change;

he took considerable interest in its progress as a long-neglected thing, his wife, before her departure, having grown quite weary of it as a hobby. Moreover, it was an excellent distraction for a man in the unhappy position of having to live in a provincial town with nothing to do. He was probably the first of his line since Hengest and Horsa who had ever passed a day without toil; and perhaps something like an inherited instinct disqualifies such men for a life of pleasant inaction, such as lies in the power of those whose leisure is not a personal accident, but a vast historical accretion which has become part of their natures.

Thus Barnet got into a way of spending many of his leisure hours on the site of the new building, and he might have been seen on most days at this time trying the temper of the mortar by punching the joints with his stick, looking at the grain of a floor board, and meditating where it grew, or picturing under what circumstances the last fire would be kindled in the at present sootless chimney. One day when thus occupied he saw three children pass by in the company of a fair young woman, whose sudden appearance caused him to flush perceptibly.

"Ah, she is there!" he thought. "That's a blessed thing."

Casting an interested glance over the rising building and the busy workmen, Lucy Savile and the little Downes passed by; and after that time it became a regular though almost unconscious habit of Barnet to stand in the half-completed house, and look from the ungarnished windows at the governess as she tripped toward the sea-shore with her young charges, which she was in the habit of doing on most fine afternoons. It was on one of these occasions, when he had been loitering on the first-floor landing, near the hole left for the staircase, not yet erected, that there appeared above the edge of the floor a little hat, followed by a little head.

Barnet withdrew through a doorway, and the child came to the top of the ladder, stepping on to the floor, and crying to her sisters and Miss Savile to follow. Another head rose above the floor, and another, and then Lucy herself came into view. The troop ran hither and thither through the empty, shaving-strewn rooms, and Barnet came forward.

Lucy uttered a small exclamation; she was very sorry that she had intruded; she had not the least idea that Mr. Barnet was there; the children had come up, and she had followed.

Barnet replied that he was only too glad to see them there. "And now let me show you the rooms," he said.

She passively assented, and he took her round. There was not much to show in such a bare skeleton of a house, but he made the most of it, and explained the different ornamental fittings that were soon to be fixed here and there. Lucy made but few remarks in reply, though she seemed pleased with her visit, and soon stole away down the ladder, followed by her companions.

After this the new residence became yet more of a hobby for Barnet. Downe's children did not forget their first visit; and when the windows were glazed, and the handsome staircase spread its broad low steps into the hall, they came again, prancing in unwearied succession through every room from ground-floor to attics, while Lucy stood waiting for them at the door. Barnet, who rarely missed a day in coming to inspect progress, stepped out from the drawing-room.

"I could not keep them out, sir," she said, with an apologetic blush. "I tried to do so very much; but they are rather willful, and we are directed to walk this way for the sea-air."

"Do let them make the house their regular play-ground, and you yours," said Barnet. "There is no better place for children to romp and take their exercise in than an empty house, particularly in muddy or damp weather, such as we shall get a good deal of now; and this place will not be furnished for a long time—perhaps never. I am not at all decided about it."

"Oh, but it must," replied Lucy, looking round at the hall. "The rooms are excellent, twice as high as ours; and the views from the windows are so lovely!"

"I dare say—I dare say," he said, absently.

"Will all the furniture be new?" she asked.

"All the furniture be new—that's a thing I have not thought of. In fact, I only come here and look on. My father's house would have been large enough for me, but another person had a voice in the matter, and it was settled that we should build. However, the place grows upon me; its recent associations are cheerful, and I am getting to like it fast."

A certain uneasiness in Lucy's manner showed that the conversation was taking too personal a turn for her. "Still, as modern tastes develop, people require more room to gratify them in," she said, withdrawing to call the children; and serenely bidding him good-afternoon, she went on her way.

Barnet's life at this period was singularly lonely, and yet he was happier than he could have expected. His wife's estrangement and absence, which promised to be permanent, left him free as a boy in his movements, and the solitary walks that he took gave him ample opportunity for chastened reflection on what might have been his lot if he had only shown wisdom enough to claim Lucy Savile when there was no bar between their lives, and she was to be had for the asking. He would occasionally call at the house of his friend Downe; but there was scarcely enough in common between their two natures to make them more than friends of that excellent sort whose personal knowledge of each other's history and character is always in excess of intimacy, whereby they are not so likely to be severed by a clash of sentiment as in cases where intimacy springs up in excess of knowledge. Lucy was never visible at these times, being either engaged in the school-room or in taking an airing out-of-doors; but knowing that she was now comfortable, and had given up the, to him, depressing idea of going off to the other side of the globe, he was quite content.

The new house had so far progressed that the gardeners were beginning to grass down the front. During an afternoon which he was passing in marking the curve for the carriage-drive, he beheld her coming in boldly toward him from the road. Hitherto Barnet had only caught her on the premises by stealth, and this advance seemed to show that at last her reserve had broke down quite.

A smile gained strength upon her face as she approached, and it was quite radiant when she came up, and said, without a trace of embarrassment: "I find I owe you a hundred thanks; and it comes to me quite as a surprise. It was through your kindness that I was engaged by Mr. Downe. Believe me, Mr. Barnet, I did not know it until yesterday, or I should have thanked you long and long ago."

"I had offended you—just a trifle—at the time, I think," said Barnet, smiling, "and it was best that you should not know."

"Yes, yes," she returned, hastily. "Don't allude to that; it is past and over, and we will let it lie. The house is finished almost, is it not? How beautiful it will look when the evergreens are grown! Do you call the style Palladian, Mr. Barnet?"

"I—really don't quite know what it is. Yes, it must be Palladian, certainly. But I'll ask Jones, the architect; for, to tell the truth, I had not thought much about the style: I had nothing to do with choosing it, I am sorry to say."

She would not let him harp on this gloomy refrain, and talked on bright matters till she said, producing a small roll of paper which he had noticed in her hand all the while: "Mr. Downe wished me to bring you this revised drawing of the late Mrs. Downe's tomb, which the architect has just sent him. He would like you to look it over."

The children came up with their hoops, and she went off with them down the harbor road as usual. Barnet had been glad to get those words of thanks; he had been thinking for many months that he would like her to know of his share in finding her a home, such as it was; and what he could not do for himself, Downe had now kindly done for him. He returned to his desolate home with a lighter tread, though in reason he hardly knew why his tread should be light.

On examining the drawing, Barnet found that instead of the vast altar-tomb and canopy Downe had determined on at their last meeting, it was to be a more modest memorial even than had been suggested by the architect—a coped tomb of good solid construction, with no useless elaboration at all. Barnet was truly glad to see that Downe had come to reason of his own accord, and he returned the drawing with a note of approval.

He followed up the house-work as before, and as he walked up and down the rooms, occasionally gazing from the windows over the bulging green hills and the quiet harbor that lay between them, he murmured words and fragments of words which, if listened to, would have revealed all the secrets of his existence. Whatever his reason in going there, Lucy did not call again: the walk to the shore seemed to be abandoned. He must have thought it as well for both that it should be so, for he did not go anywhere out of his accustomed ways to endeavor to discover her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANOTHER MERCHANT GONE.

THE sudden death of Mr. ELLIOT C. COWDIN, in this city, on the evening of April 12, was a great shock to his many friends in business and social circles. He was sick only four days, and no one—not even his physician—dreamed of a fatal result until within a few hours of the end, when unconsciousness came over him, and he gradually passed away.

Mr. COWDIN was born in Jamaica, Vermont, in August, 1819, of parents in very moderate circumstances. He spent his early years in Boston, where he received in the public schools a sound education. As a young man he was prominent in the Boston Mercantile Library, in which he took great interest. On finishing his school life he entered at once into business. He was employed by the firm of W. H. MANN & Co., in which later he became a partner. The association was continued until his removal to New York in 1852, when he established the firm of ELLIOT C. COWDIN & Co., well known for nearly a quarter of a century. The business of this house, as had been the case with the Boston firm, was the importation of silks and ribbons. While Mr. COWDIN was in business in Boston he did the buying for the firm for a long time, and in consequence visited Europe twice a year for many years. The New York firm remained unchanged until Mr. COWDIN's retirement in 1876, when it was succeeded by the present firm of HANSON, WOOD, & Co.

During his busy and useful life he has taken part in the affairs of various public bodies. He was a leading member of the Chamber of Commerce, and was the efficient Chairman of its Executive Committee at the time of his death. He was one of the founders of the Union League Club, and is still on its roll of officers as one of its Vice-Presidents. He was a member of the Century Club, and was an ex-President of the New England Society. He was also connected with several other business and charitable institutions, having been for years a Director of the Metropolitan Bank, of the Hanover Fire-insurance Company, and of the Woman's Hospital.

In politics Mr. COWDIN was a stanch Republican, but was independent, and in general he held himself aloof from accepting political honors. He was elected to the State Assembly a few years ago, and was an industrious legislator. He was extremely fond of agriculture, and spent his summers on his farm at Newcastle, Westchester County. It was his habit there to work at his favorite occupation like a common laborer. It is by no means certain, his physician said, that his health was improved by this unusual exertion. He was exceedingly hospitable, liked to entertain his friends, was fond of good dinners, and liked to give them. He leaves a wife and six children.

THE SOUL OF LOVE.

THOU think'st perchance I love thee,
O my treasure,
For flowing locks or diadem,
So without measure;

For curving lashes, rosy lips,
Or smile so gay.
Believe not so; for these are things
Which pass away.

Believe not so: that were to doubt
The soul of love;
To think it had no power to live
Such charms above.

Believe not so: that which I love—
Oh, know it, dear!—
With jealous time, nor death itself,
Can disappear.

I love because when on thy face
My fond glance lies,
Thy white soul clearly I behold
In thy dark eyes.

WAS IT A NIGHTMARE?

A YOUNG English lady, who is said to possess remarkable intelligence and hereditary acumen, relates in *Notes and Queries* the following strange personal experience in an old Yorkshire mansion.

"What I am going to relate," she says, "happened to myself while staying with some North-country cousins, last July, at their house in Yorkshire. I had spent a few days there in the summer of the previous year, but without then hearing or seeing anything out of the common. On my second visit, arriving early in the afternoon, I went out boating with some of the family, spent a very jolly evening, and finally went to bed—a little tired, perhaps, with the day's work, but not the least nervous. I slept soundly until between three and four, just when the day was beginning to break. I had been awake for a short time, when suddenly the door of my bedroom opened and shut again rather quickly. I fancied it might be one of the servants, and called out, 'Come in.' After a short time the door opened again, but no one came in—at least, no one that I could see. Almost at the same time that the door opened for the second time, I was a little startled by the rustling of some curtains belonging to a hanging wardrobe, which stood by the side of the bed; the rustling continued, and I was seized with a most uncomfortable feeling, not exactly of fright, but a strange, unearthly sensation that I was not alone. I had had that feeling for some minutes, when I saw at the foot of the bed a child, about seven or nine years old. The child seemed as if it were on the bed, and came gliding toward me as I lay. It was the figure of a little girl in her night dress—a little girl with dark hair and a very white face. I tried to speak to her, but could not. She came slowly on up to the top of the bed, and I then saw her face clearly. She seemed in great trouble; her hands were clasped, and her eyes were turned up with a look of entreaty—an almost agonized look. Then, slowly unclasping her hands, she touched me on the shoulder. The hand felt icy cold, and while I strove to speak she was gone. I felt more frightened after the child was gone than before, and began to be very anxious for the time when the servant would make her appearance. Whether I slept again or not I hardly know. But by the time the servant did come, I had almost persuaded myself that the whole affair was nothing but a very vivid nightmare. However, when I came down to breakfast, there were many remarks made about my not looking well; it was observed that I was pale. In answer I told my cousins that I had had a most vivid nightmare, and I remarked, if I was a believer in ghosts, I should imagine I had seen one. Nothing more was said at the time upon this subject, except that my host, who was a doctor, observed that I had better not sleep in the room again, at any rate not alone.

"So the following night one of my cousins slept in the same room with me. Neither of us saw or heard anything out of the way during that night or the early morning. That being the case, I persuaded myself that what I had seen had been only imagination, and, much against everybody's expressed wish, I insisted the next night on sleeping in the room again, and alone. Accordingly, having retired again to the same room, I was kneeling down at the bedside to say my prayers, when exactly the same dread as before came over me. The curtains of the wardrobe swayed about, and I had the same sensation as previously that I was not alone. I felt too frightened to stir, when, luckily for me, one of my cousins came in for something which she had left. On looking at me she exclaimed, 'Have you seen anything?' I said 'No,' but told her how I felt; and, without much persuasion being necessary, I left the room with her, and never returned to it. When my hostess learned what had happened (as she did immediately) she told me I must not sleep in that room again, as the nightmare had made such an impression on me. I should imagine, she said, all sorts of things, and make myself quite ill. I went to another room, and during the rest of my visit—a week—I was not troubled by any re-appearance of the little girl.

"On leaving, my cousin, the eldest daughter of the doctor, went on a visit with me to the house of an uncle of mine in the same county. We staid there for about a fortnight, and during that time the 'little girl' was alluded to only as my 'nightmare.'

"In this I afterward found there was a little reticence, for, just before leaving my uncle's, my cousin said to me: 'I must tell you something I have been longing to tell you ever since I left home. But my father desired me not to tell you, as, not being very strong, you might be too frightened. Your nightmare was not a nightmare at all, but the apparition of a little girl.' She then went on to tell me that this 'little girl' had been seen three times before, by three different members of the family, but as this was some nine or ten years since, they had almost ceased to think anything about it until I related my experiences on the morning after the first night of my second visit.

"My cousin further went on to tell me that her younger sister whilst in bed had one morning, about daybreak, to her great surprise, seen a little girl with dark hair, standing with her back to her, looking out of the window. She took this figure for her little sister, and spoke to it. The child not replying or moving from her position, she called out to it, 'It's no use standing like that; I know you; you can't play tricks with me.' On looking round, however, she saw that her little sister, the one she thought she was addressing, and who was sleeping with her, had not moved from the bed. Almost at the same time the child passed from the window into the room of her (my cousin's) sister A——, and the latter, as she afterward declared, distinctly saw the figure of a child with dark hair standing by the side of a table in her room. She spoke to it, and it instantly disappeared. The 'little girl' was subsequently again seen, for the last time before I saw it, by my cousin's father, Dr. H——. It was in the early daylight of a summer's morning, and he was going up stairs to his room, having just returned from a professional visit. On this occasion he saw the same child (he noticed its dark hair) running up the stairs immediately before him, until it reached his room and entered it. When he got into the room it was gone.

"Thus the apparition had been seen three times by the family, and once by me. I am the only one, however, that has seen its face. It has also never been seen twice in the same room by any one else."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"How much are these goods a yard?" said a gentleman in a dry-goods store the other day, as he picked up and examined a piece of ruffled silk. "Good gracious!" cried the horrified clerk, "that isn't for sale! That's the end of a lady's train. She's just gone up to the third story in the elevator."

"Good-morning, Patrick; you have got a new coat at last, but it seems to fit you rather too much." "Och, there's nothing surprising in that; sure I wasn't there when I was measured for it."

YOUNG GENT. "Might I ask you, miss—ah—"
MISS. "Very sorry, sir, but I'm engaged for the next three dances."
Y. G. "It is not dancing—ah—it is—it's—beg your pardon, miss; you are sitting on my hat."

A gentleman having a servant with a very thick skull, used often to call him the king of fools. "I wish," said the fellow one day, "you could make your words good, as I should then be the monarch of the world."

Atmospherical knowledge is not thoroughly distributed to our schools. A boy being asked, "What is mist?" vaguely responded, "An umbrella."

A physician named Parsons lectured in a down-East town the other night, and was introduced to the audience as one of the few Parsons who preach little and practice much.

A Western man who was recently invited to a seat on the floor of the House at Washington, indignantly refused, saying that he was accustomed to sit on chairs at home.

The ladies give as a reason for marrying for money, that they now seldom find anything else in a man worth having.

A promising youth, about to be chastised by his father, called upon his grandfather to protect him from the "superfluous middleman."

The girls in his native village were lighting the candles in the front parlors and pulling down the blinds, and the "Excelsior" boy reported that "the shades of night were falling fast."

The ballots for the ladies who vote at the next election will probably be cut on the bias or scalloped. It will not be at all strange if we hear them exclaim, "Her ballot is old fashioned; it doesn't look fit to be seen."

A Dakota girl has married a Chinaman. He had some difficulty in explaining the state of his heart, but she finally got his cue.

FATHER (*who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table*). "Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating, I always leave the table."
JOHN. "Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave."

And now they say there is a "ring" in door-bells.

At a crowded French country theatre a woman fell from the gallery to the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman, "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the middle of the front row."

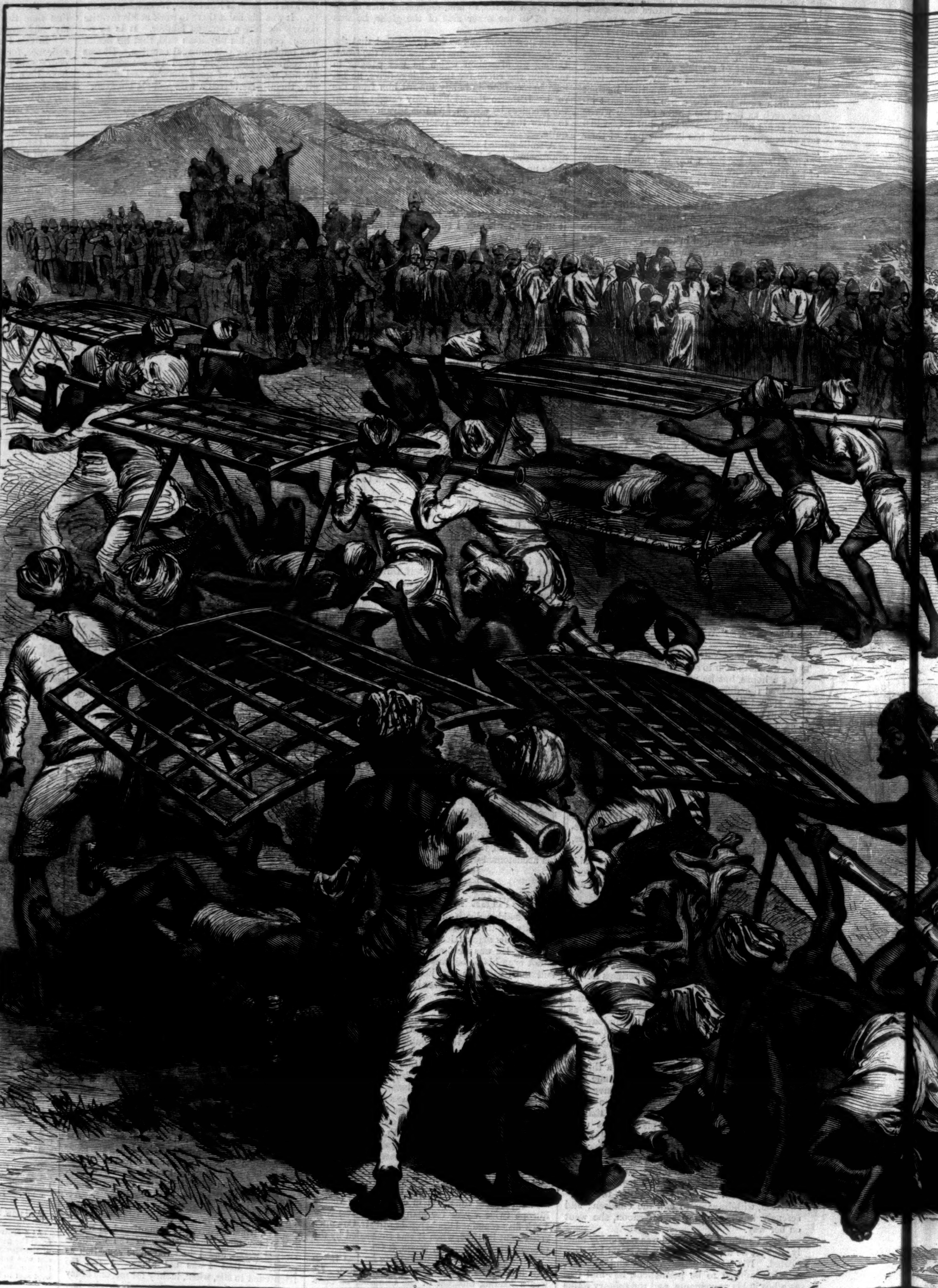
It looked like a butterfly. It had wings. He chased it; he caught it; and sure enough it was but a fly.

She said, "I am going to the post-office, John; shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you have a mind to; but I don't think you'll find me there."

A Cleveland lawyer, defending a handsome young lady charged with larceny, closed his appeal to the jury thus: "Gentlemen: you may hang the ocean on a grape-vine to dry, lasso an avalanche, pin a napkin to the mouth of a volcano, skim the clouds from the sky with a tea-spoon, throw salt on the tail of our noble American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of our nation, paste 'For Rent' on the moon and stars, but never for a moment delude yourselves with the idea that this charming girl is guilty of the charge preferred against her." The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

A "DOOLEY" RACE.

The "dooley," as our readers will see from our picture, is a rude kind of palanquin. It is used in the military service of India to carry the sick, and to bear away the dead and wounded from the battle-field. When employed as an ambulance, it is usually covered with some kind of hangings, as a protection against the sun. It would seem to be a cumbrous sort of vehicle for a race; but the sturdy bearers, who are generally the native camp-followers in the English service, take great delight in the sport, as depicted by the artist. The mishaps which befall some of them in their headlong rush with their burden are heartily enjoyed by those who escape accident. It must be an exciting and rather rough ride for the occupants of the "dooleys," who are obliged to hold fast in order to keep from being shaken out in the rush and scramble for the lead.



JELALABAD GYMNASTI—TH

ALL THROUGH BROWN!

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "For Her Sake," "Second-Cousin Sarah," etc.

It *was* through Brown!—there's very little doubt about that. Without Brown I should have been a happier man. It was ALL through Brown!—Montgomery Brown—more familiarly known to his friends and acquaintances as Gommery Brown. I generally called him Montgomery. I hate calling people out of their names—its offensive—although he always called me Ginger. Not that my name is Ginger, or anything like it: its Kirkpatrick, which is of Irish extraction, and nothing to do with Ginger in any way. I have an impression that he alluded to my hair, although I am sure that no friskiness of deportment was ever apparent in my conduct to warrant him in bestowing upon me so absurd an appellative. But he called me Ginger!

Brown and I were school-fellows together at the Muddleborough National School, so there is a tie between us—a tie, as it were, of sympathy, which began with his borrowing my pocket-knife and keeping it, and has ended in— But I will not anticipate, although it was all through Brown, every bit of it.

To begin, then, you might have knocked me down with a feather when, one bright summer's morning, Montgomery Brown walked into my shop for a three-halfpenny shave. We had not crossed each other's path from the painful and eventful day when he was flogged for apple-stealing—he was a small boy then, in corduroys, and I was his senior, and had to hold him down. To think that I should have to hold him down again!—lightly by the tip of his nose, whilst I went over his chin with one of my patent razors—Kirkpatrick's Patent Army Rasp, 1*s.* 9*d.*! I was shaving him dexterously, when Fate—it was certainly Fate—led me to inquire if his name was Brown.

Yes, it was Brown.

Montgomery Brown?

"Yes, Montgomery Brown," he replied, with an emphasis on his "gom."

"I should never have known you!" I exclaimed, which was paradoxical, when I came to reflect upon it; "and I suppose you don't remember me?"

"I'm hanged if I do," said Brown.

He was almost rude at this first stage of our reunion; but then I take time to understand. I have known hasty people set me down as "soft," until they have had a little conversation with me, and drawn me out a little.

"Didn't you go to Muddleborough School some fifteen years ago?"

"Well—ah—hum—yes, I did."

"Don't you recollect the row about the apples?"

"Can't say I do."

"Don't you remember Kirkpatrick, one of the big boys?"

"There was a lot of big boys knocking about," he answered, rather flippantly; "were you one of that lot?"

"No, I wasn't. I was the boy who always took your part—Teddy Kirkpatrick."

"Didn't I call you Ginger?" he inquired.

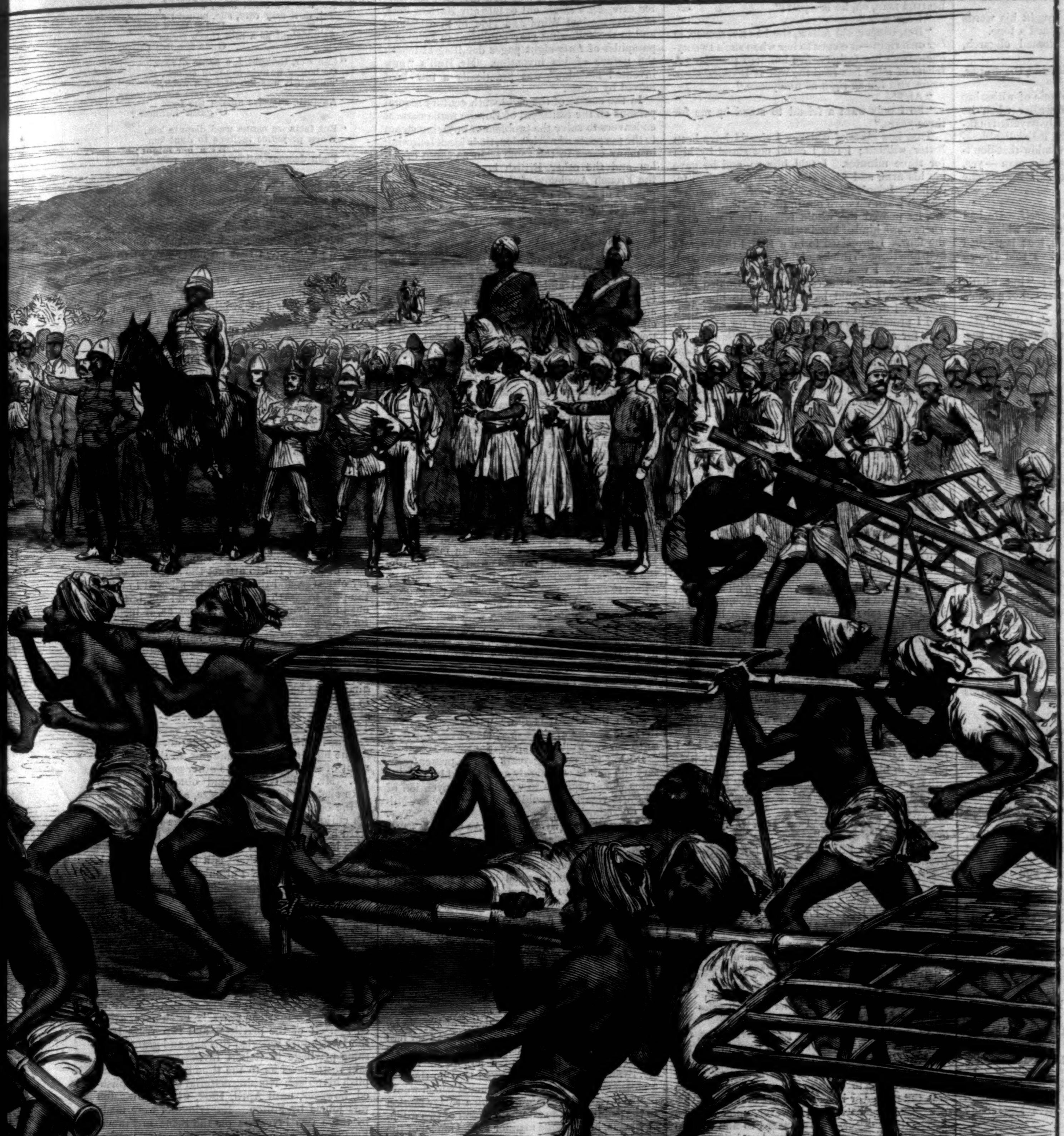
"No, you didn't."

But he has called me Ginger ever since, which is very remarkable.

This was not a good beginning of friendship—did not seem likely to lead to any friendship whatever—and when he gave me my three halfpence, and left the shop without bidding me good-morning, I can not truthfully confess that my heart bounded after him into the street. I thought he was arrogant and purse-proud—"stuck up," as the vulgar say—but I fancy I was wrong now. It is not a wise thing to be too hasty with your verdicts on your fellow-creatures—oh no! Brown told me afterward, very frankly—and I will say that Brown is an outspoken fellow, with all his faults—that it struck him he had not run across such an idiot as I was for a long while, although, of course, he found himself very much mistaken. Ha! ha! I should think so.

When I met Montgomery again, it was in the bar parlor of the "Fox and Goose." Just where I might have expected to meet him, Mrs. Kirkpatrick has remarked, satirically, since; but that is Mrs. K.'s way when she is put out. Confidentially, I may as well add here that it does not take a great deal to put Mrs. K. out, and that, with all her virtues and accomplishments, she is unfortunately destitute at times of that calmness and self-possession for which her sex is pre-eminently distinguished. Mrs. Kirkpatrick can be even violent when she has made up her mind to it, and occasionally she *does* make up her mind to it. "A worm will turn," is her favorite observation; and she is a kind of worm, with an objectionable habit of turning when you least expect it. I have reasoned with h more tha peculiarity, but not w much su ent. When she fails rly to se my remonstrance, she ngs som and then I go out of house a the bar parlor of th Fox and think she has calme wn, and home in safety. If it 't for he K. would be simply an —for h

I was meditating at "Fox a Saturday evening w Montg marched in—I may s s thoug



STI—THE "DOOLEY" RACE.

th h more than once on this
w much success at pres-
ils rly to see the force of
she gs something at me,
of t house and meditate in
the Fox and Goose" till I
med wn, and I can return
it 't for her temper, Mrs.
an —for her age.
at "Fox and Goose" one
w Montgomery Brown
y s s though the inn belonged to him—and took up the best place in front of the fire (it was the landlord's place), and called for four of Scotch whiskey, hot. It was on that particular occasion that we exchanged confidences, and renewed the friendship of our early youth. I told him, I remember, I was married—exceedingly much married, as the funny people say—and that I had offered my hand and heart, some three years since, to Mrs. Tibbins, relict of old Tibbins, to whom I had been apprenticed as an ornamental hair-dresser, and that she had accepted me. She has said since that I married her for the business; but she was a fine woman, and I loved her for her proportions. There was no attraction in the business for me: a man does not marry a woman older than himself for the sake of three dozen dressing-combs, a gross of pomatum pots, two wax dummies in the shop window, and a large hair-brush that goes round by machinery. An unselfish disposition is above such temptations as those.

No, I married Selina Tibbins for love. I respected her strength of mind and decision of character. And she respects me too, although she wonders what would have become of her poor Teddy—I'm her poor Teddy—if he hadn't had a practical woman to take care of him. You see, Mrs. Kirkpatrick has a sense of humor in her; indeed, if it were not for her jealous disposition—and she is terribly and absurdly jealous at times—she would be as near perfection— But I have said something like this just now.

Once more, I wish you all to understand very clearly that I married her for herself alone, *not* for the business; and if the experiment has been a failure, it was not my fault—or Selina's. It was all through Brown. I don't like to boast, but *I* made that business. It was not much in old Tibbins's time—there was no style about it. Tibbins had no imagination, no "Patent Army Rasps," nothing! He would have never thought of the Golden Showery Flowery Hair Annihilator—I mean Renovator—which was the making of our shop in the High Street, half a crown small bottles, large bottles six shillings; but, mind you, they hold three of the little ones, and you'll want three, if your hair won't come up in a hurry.

"Kirkpatrick's Renovator" is at least a hundred a year to me. I told Brown so that night at the "Fox and Goose." In fact, I told him a great deal about my business, as he seemed anxious to know. Anxious to know everybody's business, Mrs. K. says, but then she doesn't like Brown. In fact, it was all through Brown that— But there, I am precipitate again. I find it difficult to proceed calmly with this story. I am madly impatient to leap toward the crisis, to tell you why Brown— But we will not anticipate the tragedy. There is time enough to put the shutters up before the stock in trade of one's happiness.

When Brown heard I was doing a good business with "Rasps" and "Renovators," and so forth, he was as pleased as if he had been in luck's way himself, which he wasn't. He congratulated me—he wished me many happy returns of the day, that is, of the profits; he said he had always predicted that I should turn out an inventive genius, and it was the proudest moment of his life to discover he was right. He remembered the Muddleborough National Schools, too; he had been thinking of the past ever since I had shaved him!

"Don't you recollect the apples, Ginger, and what a row there was about them?"

"I should think I did. Why, when you first came into my shop I told you."

"Oh yes; but can I ever forget how you tried to soothe me in my troubles, and how you whispered in my ear, 'Never mind, Gommery, it 'll soon be over,' when— But these are painful recollections, aren't they?"

"I don't know. Time has hallowed them to me."

"Hallowed be da——. I should like to meet old Thrashem now—that's all. Lor, didn't he hurt!"

"I mean that the sacred past—"

"Are you romantic, Ginger?"

"I—I don't think I am."

"Do you read poetry?"

"Yes, I read poetry. I—I write a little of it, too."

"*You!*"

"Mind you, *only* a little—not much."

"What kind of poetry do you write?" he asked.

"Oh! anything. I have published an ode to the Golden Hair Wash lately."

"Have you, though? How deuced clever you must be!" he added, with a sigh over his own utter incompetence.

After this we had two more "goes" of whiskey hot, and he would have paid for them if I had allowed it; but I insisted on settling the account, and he took his hand out of his pocket with a sigh.

"If you insist," he said, "what can *I* do?"

"Brown," said I, solemnly and suddenly, "you're not happy."

Brown had just raised his second glass to his lips, when I caught him impulsively by the arm, and jarred his teeth and his feelings.

"Don't you do that again, or I'll loosen something of yours," he said, a little angrily, before he saw that my solicitude was real, and it was only my impulse which had hurt him. "No, I ain't happy," he confessed.

"I am sorry to hear it, Brown."

"Thank you," he murmured; "but don't call me Brown. Forever after this night let it be Gommery."

It has been Gommery.

"And why is the companion of my boy—hic—hood's days unhappy?" I inquired.

Montgomery looked sadly at me, at the clock over the door, at the landlord, who was sulking in the corner of the room away from the fire, and whispered,

"I am the slave of circumstances."

"Lord bless me!"

"The creature of a despot."

"A what pot?" I had not caught his words clearly, he had spoken in so subdued a tone.

"A despot—a tyrant—the bloated oligarch, McRashie."

"Bless my soul! What, McRashie, the draper, at No. 200?"

"The draper!" he cried, in a tone of withering sarcasm—and, oh! Brown *can* wither when he likes—"the tally man—the weekly-payments-taken-and-look-sharp-about-'em-or-I'll-bag-the-blessed-lot man—the-articles-in-the-window-that-don't-match-the-articles-behind-the-counter man—yes, I'm the minion of that wretch. I have come down to *him!*"

"Well, it is hard."

I had never liked McRashie myself. He had recently sold my wife a cotton print which was warranted to wash—and so it did, too; it washed itself to rags in the first boil! I told Brown that.

"Just like him," said Brown; "but what's that to washing all the noble nature out of a man's soul?"

"Ah, Brown, that's a heavy wash indeed!"

Montgomery looked at me as though he suspected chaff. As if chaff was in me!—as if, when a man is torn by emotion, another man is worthy of the name of his fellow-man who can chaff! I said something like this when I saw he doubted me, and he shook me by the hands till I shed tears. We had two more glasses of Scotch whiskey, hot. I wouldn't let Brown pay for them either; I was above that sort of thing, now with a friend who was unhappy, and the slave of a flesh-pot—despot—at my side.

It was getting late when Brown had imparted to me all his history. There was not much in it, and what there was would not have been particularly interesting to any one but a bosom-friend—*I* was his bosom-friend, he told me over our final glasses of whiskey, Scotch, hot, as the bar-man was shutting up for the night. His had not been a checkered career; he had been apprenticed to a draper's at Islington, served his time, been cashier, shop-man, shop-walker, and, having quarrelled with his employers about "a beggarly ten-pound rise in his screw," as he called it, had come to settle down in his native town of Muddleborough, at the respectable and old-established firm of McRashie & Co., in the High Street.

"I don't say, Ginger, that it is a great post—that I'm not fitted for something better than this—but still it's position."

"Exactly."

"It wants a superior sort of man—an engaging bloke, Ginger—to catch the eye, and impress the customers when you are walking up and down the premises. Now it wouldn't suit you at all."

"No, it's not in my line," I confessed.

"I like a popular position. I thirst for distinction and power. I thirst for— Shall we have any more whiskey?"

"I don't think I care about any more," I replied. "I—I don't fancy Mrs. Kirkpatrick would care for my having any more."

"Ginger, your wife is a tyrant, and you're a slave."

"I beg your pardon."

"Base is the man who— Ginger, I can't part without telling you my whole history."

"What, another one!"

"Sit down again. You shall know all. Let's have one more glass."

We had one more glass each. Scotch whiskey, hot.

"Ginger," he said, "I am in love."

"Bless my soul!"

"Madly, desperately in love, Ginger, with a fair and sunny creature of eighteen summers."

"And she reciprocates your passion?"

"She sip-sip-sipsikakes my passion."

Brown was growing a trifle incoherent. I thought it was coming on. He was of an excitable temperament, and took matters less coolly than I did.

"Who is she?"

"You will never divulge my secret?"

"Never."

"You swear it?"

"I swear!"

The landlord was out of the room, so I swore most comfortably. He leaned forward and whispered in my ear.

"McRashie's daughter. Ha! ha!—the offspring of my hated chieftain. Tilda!"

"Good gracious! And what does McRashie say?"

"He sleeps on the brink of his pepperspice—he knows nothing—we breathe not a syllable to him, or to the myrmidons by whom we are surrounded. Why, I should get the sack at a moment's notice."

"Serve you right."

"*What!*"

"From McRashie's point of view, Mon-mongommery," I said, reflectively, "I think it would serve you right."

"From McRashie's point of view!" he said, in his most withering manner again; "am I to measure my heart's devotions from McRashie's point of view? Would you, or I, or any of us?"

"Not any of us."

"Just so—well, I love her, Ginger. I am going to die for her."

"Lord bless me—so bad as that?"

"We shall die—or fly."

"I should recommend you to fly."

"Ah! but we've nothing to fly with."

"No—ahem—feathers?"

"Well," he said, with a short laugh, as he took his last gulp of whiskey, and chewed the bitter cud—or rind of the lemon that had been at the bottom of the glass—"you may put it that way if you like. No feathers—ha! ha!—to our nest. See?"

"See a nest—where?"

"Cuss it, Ginger, you *are* dull. We've no ready money—and McRashie is a determined, iron-hearted man, oh, he is—just!"

"I see now."

"But, Ginger, old fellow, she has *tin*, money, in her own right—it comes to her when she's twenty-one—from her father—five hundred pounds. A friend of mine has read the will at Doctors' Commons, and it's as right as ninepence."

"Ah!"

"So I only want a friend to stand by me for three years."

That last glass of whiskey I should have been better without; I felt I could not stand by him for three minutes. I told him so, and he gave me his arm, and we walked toward my shop together. I don't remember any more of his story, though when we were out in the fresh air, he tells me, he poured the whole recital into my ears. There was a kind of buzzing in them which stopped the flow. I promised to be a friend to him, and help him through thick and thin, especially through the thick. I was very fond of him then. If he had asked me for the recipe for the Golden Hair Renovator, I should have given it to him. He borrowed fifteen shillings, I can remember that, and I promised to go out with him for a stroll—just for a stroll!—on the next day, Sunday. I did not remember *that* till he called, in his best things, and astonished Mrs. Kirkpatrick. That was tit for tat, for she astonished him that Saturday night when she opened the door and let me in, and found us both on the top step clinging to the bell-pull.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Kirk—Ginger," Montgomery had said, in his foolish and incoherent way, as if it were the right time of night to joke with my wife, or as if my wife were likely to see a joke at any time. "I trust you'll excuse the lateness of the visit, but Ginger and I—we—that is—and, as I said before, good-evening."

"Teddy," said Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in a voice of awful reproof, "where *have* you been?"

"Fox-er-Goose with my friend Gosling."

"Gommery!" said Brown.

"Gommery—Gosling—beg pardon."

"Teddy," said Mrs. Kirkpatrick, with a scream, "you've been a-drinking; and this counter-jumping beast" (she knew him, then; she had seen him in the shop, and perhaps he had talked her into that cotton print) "has been a-drinking with you. You come in"—and in I went by the collar into the dark shop—"and *you*" (to Montgomery), "get out with your drunken carkis, do!" and bang went the street door against the unoffending Brown.

I was hurt at this; I sat down in the chair we place in the shop for customers, and wept. "He is my old school-fellow—my dearest friend," I told her, "and you've slammed the door of hospitality in his face."

"I wish I'd shut his ugly nose in," said Mrs. Kirkpatrick, vindictively.

"I—"

"Now get to bed, and don't sit there crying over the Bear's-Grease."

So I went to bed and forgot my grief—and Brown.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHO INVENTED THE STEAMBOAT.

"Her mighty engine wheels with splash and splutter,
And power of hundred horses, churn the ocean
('Tis pity that such churning makes no butter),
On, on she sweeps with vibratory motion,
Much faster than a pleasure-boat or cutter,
And yet, for all her speed, I have a notion
She would not 'walk the water' in high gales
So well as vessels fitted with good sails."

As in the case of most great inventions, the claimants to the honor of having been first in the field are numerous, and sixty or seventy years ago it might have been a dangerous as well as a delicate thing to express an opinion as to who was the maker or inventor of the first steam-vessel. In going backward, however, upon the history of the subject, one is amazed to find that no secure resting-place can be found, so long as theory alone is regarded. There is almost no individual part of the act of applying steam to the propulsion of vessels which does not appear to have been invented, or at least suggested, long before it was practically applied. In the early part of the eighteenth century, Dr. John Allen, in a book entitled *Specimina Ichnographia; or, a Brief Narrative of Several New Inventions*, described a mode of navigating a ship in a calm.

The way in which it was proposed to get a power, and avoid a defect which, the writer says, had attached to every method that had been practiced or proposed, was to form a tunnel or pipe open at the rear end of the vessel, and by means of a pump to force water or air into it through the sea. By the reaction which this would occasion, the ship would be driven forward, "very accurately imitating what the Author of Nature has shown us in the swimming of fishes, which proceed in their progressive motion, not by any vibration of their fins as oars, but by protrusion with their tails; and water-fowls swim forward by paddling with their feet behind their bodies." Dr. Allen carried his scheme into practice in a boat of considerable size. His invention merits attention from the fact that he suggested the use of a steam-engine to pump the water or air which was to form the motive power, and he "had no manner of doubt that if a couple of them were applied to a ship of fourteen or fifteen hundred tons they would impel it at the rate of three knots an hour."

When Captain Savery, in 1699, obtained a patent for the first steam-engine, applicable, as were nearly all the earlier projects for the employment of steam, to the mere raising of water, he indicated, vaguely, indeed, and modestly, that it might also be applied to maritime purposes. In most histories the first place in advancing to a practical realization of this is assigned to Jonathan Hulls, who as far back as December, 1736, took out a patent for "A new invented Machine for carrying Vessels out or into any Harbor, Port, or River against Wind and Tide, or in a Calm"; and in the following year published in London a pamphlet of forty-eight pages detailing at length the nature of his invention. Mr. Hull's "new invented machine" was practically a tow-boat moved by steam.

In the course of the eighteenth century several persons on the continent of Europe made earnest endeavors to solve the problem of applying steam to the purposes of navigation, their ideas following in many cases in the same train as those of Allen and the other British inventors. In 1757 the French Academy of Sciences made the propulsion of vessels by other means than wind and oars the subject of their prize essay, when Bernouilli, while suggesting several methods—gunpowder among the rest—gave the preference to paddle-wheels moved by steam; while Canon Gautier in his essay propounded several methods, displaying "such clear and distinct notions on a perfectly novel and difficult subject, unfamiliar to a man who had always lived in an inland town, and totally ignorant of maritime affairs," as to excite surprise. M. Genevois, a pastor in the canton town of Berne, published a book at Geneva in 1759, in which he enunciated a plan for this end, and in 1760 he went to London. When he appeared before the Navy Board, in August, 1764, he was told that about thirty years before a Scotchman had proposed to make a ship sail by means of gunpowder, but that as thirty barrels of this commodity had been used before the vessel advanced ten miles, the invention had been rejected. He was told that it was by the retrogradation of one or more cannons on the poop that this native of Scotland had proposed to propel the vessel, and this the Bernese inventor makes the peg on which to hang another story illustrative of the efforts being made in many places to discover a new means of navigation. "This put me in mind," he says, "of the trial a celebrated gentleman made many years ago to set a boat going on the Rhine by the effusion of water from a tub on the stern by a hole toward the prow." As regards the Scotchman's proposal, Genevois adds, "One may easily see it has nothing in common with mine but the thought of gunpowder." The gunpowder idea occurs again in connection with the leading American name in steamboat fame. When Fulton in company with Joel Barlow made his first attempts at the propulsion of a boat in 1797, his plan was "to impart to carcasses of gunpowder a progressive motion under water, and there to explode them." It is quite unnecessary to say that the results of the experiment were not such as to answer Fulton's expectations.

During the opening years of the present century the public was highly entertained by the disputes which raged as to whether the invention of steam navigation should be assigned to Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, England, to Mr. James Taylor, or to William Symington. As early as 1784, according to Robert Bowie, it occurred to Symington that steam might be rendered available for the propulsion of railway carriages. He immediately set about embodying his idea, and in 1786 submitted to the inspection of the professors and scientific gentlemen of Edinburgh the working model of a steam-carriage. While the model was in Edinburgh, Patrick Miller, who had heard of it from James Taylor, a tutor in his family, and a former school-fellow of Symington, minutely inspected it, and expressed himself as highly pleased by its construction and performance. In the course of conversation Mr. Miller mentioned that he had spent much time in making experiments for the propulsion of vessels by wheels in place of sails or oars, and that they had been put in motion by the application of animal strength to the turning of a handle or winch. Mr. Symington, on this, observed that he thought a steam-engine might be constructed which would propel a vessel by communicating a rotary motion to the paddles by the alternate action of two ratchet wheels, in the same manner as the model of the steam-carriage then before them. Mr. Miller said he considered such a thing impracticable, and inquired how it would be possible to work such an engine on board without setting the vessel on fire. The description given of the model and the manner in which it was intended to apply the power of steam seemed to convince Mr. Miller of the practicability of the project, and he agreed that an experiment should be made on a small scale as soon as Mr. Symington could attend to it. Within a short time a small engine was constructed for the purpose, and fitted on board a double-keeled vessel lying upon a lake near the house of Dalswinton. With this vessel a trial was made in the autumn of 1788, in presence of Mr. Miller and various other persons, when the boat was propelled in a most satisfactory manner.

Mr. Taylor records the grounds upon which he bases his pretensions to having invented steam navigation, in a letter addressed to Henry Parnell, chairman of the Committee on Steamboat Engines, in the English House of Commons. He states that it was he who suggested to Mr. Miller the application of steam-power to the working of his paddle-wheels, a considerable time before he introduced Mr. Symington to Mr. Miller. Mr. Miller's claim rests upon his having suggested, in a narrative of experiments on shipping, published by him in 1787, that steam might be employed for the purpose of turning paddle-wheels, and on the fact of the experimental trials on Dalswinton Lake having been made by his direction and at his expense. Mr. Miller's claim is negatived by both Symington and Taylor. Poetry does not, certainly, rank high in the way of evidence, but the following stanzas are from a poem published by Mr. Muir, of Kirkintilloch, under the title of "The Steam Barge, or Nautical Novelty; written on seeing the New Steam Boat invented by William Symington pass through the Great Canal, dragging two Vessels fully loaded."

"It was sae odd to see her pullin',
An' win' an' water baith unwillin',
Yet, de'll may care, she, onward swellin',
Defied them baith,
As constant as a mill that's fullin'
Gude English claith.

"Can e'er, thought I, a flame o' reek
Or boilin' water's caudron smeek,
Though it was keepit for a week,
Perform sic wunners,
As quite surprise amaist the feck
O' gazin' hunners?

"But facts we canna weel dispute 'em,
When prejudice inclines to dout 'em
Wi' a' her might;
Plain demonstration deep can root 'em,
An' set us right."

Much honor has been given to Henry Bell for the introduction of steam navigation, but the records go to show that his famous *Comet* was inferior to Symington's second venture. Apparently, too, our own American inventor Fulton owed much to Symington that he never saw fit to acknowledge. The story of the intercourse between the two, as culled from an old volume, reads as follows: "It happened one day during the month of July, 1801 or 1802, while Mr. Symington was conducting his experiments under the patronage of Lord Dundas, that a stranger came to the banks of the canal and requested an interview. He announced himself as Mr. Fulton, a native of North America, to which country he intended to return in a few weeks; but having heard of the steamboat experiments, he could not think of leaving Scotland without waiting upon Mr. Symington, with the hope of seeing the boat and machinery, and procuring some information as to the principles upon which it was moved. He remarked that, however beneficial the invention might be to Great Britain, it would certainly be of more importance to North America, considering her many navigable rivers and lakes, and the ease with which timber could be procured for building such vessels, and supplying them with fuel. He thought fit farther to say that the usefulness of steam-vessels in a mercantile point of view could not fail to attract the attention of every observer, and that if he was allowed to carry the plan to North America, it could not but turn out to Mr. Symington's advantage, as, if inclined for it, or his other engagements would permit, the constructing, or at least the superintending the constructing, of such vessels, would naturally devolve upon him. Mr. Symington, in compliance with the stranger's urgent request, caused the engine fire to be lighted up, and the machinery put in motion. Several persons entered the boat, and along with Mr. Fulton were carried from Lock 16, where she then lay, about four miles west, and returned to the place from which they had started in one hour and twenty minutes, to the astonishment of Mr. Fulton and the other gentlemen present. Mr. Fulton asked and obtained leave to take sketches of the form, size, and construction of the boat and apparatus; after fully satisfying his curiosity, he took leave; but he never afterward had the honor or the gratitude to acknowledge his obligation to Mr. Symington."

We suspect that there is a little English jealousy in the above of Fulton's signal success in constructing and introducing rapid and paying steam-vessels upon American waters. At the same time there can be no doubt that he learned much from Symington. In 1796 the Legislature of New York granted to a person of the name of Fitch and to his descendants the exclusive right of "making, employing, and navigating all kinds of boats or water craft, which may be impelled through the water by force of fire or steam, in all the creeks, rivers, and bays, and waters whatsoever, within this State, for fourteen years." Fitch never availed himself of the privilege, and two years later the Legislature repealed this act, and granted the same privilege to Robert Livingston, under certain restrictions as to the time he should accomplish his object. Nothing material was accomplished, however, until April, 1803, when Livingston was joined by Fulton. Experiments were made by these two inventors on the Seine in France. Finally an engine applicable to a boat was ordered to be constructed by Boulton & Watt. This when finished was sent out to America, and was the first engine used with success for this purpose. In August, 1807, the *Clermont* was launched. By successive acts Messrs. Livingston and Fulton had had their exclusive privilege extended to thirty years, and between April and July, 1808, they gave the required evidence that they had "constructed a steamboat of more than twenty tons, propelled by steam more than four miles an hour against the stream of the Hudson between New York and Albany." "Thus," says an enthusiastic writer, "were twenty-two years expended in bringing to perfection this noblest of human inventions."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VIGIL.

IT is five o'clock in the wild winter morning, and Matthew Helston has not yet returned home. The thing had happened once before, and only once; but that it *had* happened is a source of inexpressible comfort to Sabey as she lies awake and listens in the darkness for the wheels of his cab. She hears, however, nothing save the fitful rushes of the wind, and between them the monotonous beat of the small time-piece on the mantel-piece, and the gentle breathing of the infant on her arm. It is weary work this lying awake and listening, even when we are sure that what we wait for will certainly come at last; but if we are not sure, if every moment renders us more anxious and less sure, then indeed is it weary—and wearing. By the time the little clock had struck the half hour with harsh pitiless click, Sabey is in a fever of fret and worry. He has never yet been so late as *this*. To lie any longer inactive and a prey to nameless terrors is now a torture beyond her powers to bear; so she gently rises, taking the most careful pains even in that moment of suspense and dread—for it has come to *that*—not to wake the sleeping babe. Good Heaven! what *could* have kept him? In winter, as a rule, balls do not last so long as in summer-time; and even if Lady Pargiter had tarried to the last, and got home at four, Matthew should have arrived by this time. Even now, however, with her usual thoughtfulness for others, Sabey forbears to communicate her fears to her sister, whose bedroom is on the floor above, and, wrapping her dressing-gown around her, creeps down stairs softly into the dining-room. She entertains the glimmer of a hope that her own clock may be wrong—have gained an hour or so in the night—and that the one in the parlor, regulated by Uncle Stephen himself, and a pattern of punctuality, will show her that she is mistaken in the time. The pattern of punctuality points to twenty minutes to six, and her sinking heart grows sick within her.

What a night it is for him to have been out so long in, and with that cold upon his chest! And how ill he will be, poor fellow! That is her best thought. What she thinks more frequently, but dare not dwell upon, is that "something dreadful" has happened to him in connection with the diamonds. She knew that he always carried a revolver with him on such expeditions; but thieves might carry them likewise, or that very instrument of his defense might have been wrenched from his grasp and used against him. If anything serious had happened, John Rutherford would, of course, have come to the Grove with tidings of it, *if he could*; but he, perhaps, had shared his employer's fate.

Standing at the parlor window on the ground-floor, from which she had put aside the shutters, she stared out into the blank dark street, ever and anon passing her hand across her forehead, as though to sweep away from her brain these thoughts too terrible scarcely to be realized, or even to be born of sober reason. Without a thought of self, she pictured herself a widow, and the little one above-stairs, for whose cry she was mechanically listening throughout this agony, as an orphan. And then again she would upbraid herself for having so little faith in the goodness of God as to entertain such ideas.

Similar calamities, however, happen, and happen every day; and similar hours of unspeakable anxiety and woe are spent by thousands of the frailest and the most innocent of His creatures. With or without cause, they are equally wretched while they last; and well is it for those who can do more than "faintly trust the larger hope" that hereafter there will be amplest compensation for them. Though but half clad, and straight from her warm bed, Sabey did not feel the intense cold that on the window had set its mark in exquisite crystals; but there was a chill at her heart beyond the power of frost to create, and, alas! with no "numbed sense to heal" its pain. Thus she stood like a white statue, her face pressed against the pane, but with eyes that burned with anxious flame strained eastward, till the church clock—its every stroke a knell for her—clanged six.

"He is dead! he is dead!" she murmured, hoarsely, as the iron notes died away. "Oh, Matt! dear Matt! I shall never see you more!"

But though she spoke so despairingly, despair had not seized Sabey yet. Matters had, indeed, become very serious. It was no longer possible to suppose that Matthew had merely been delayed by the late hours of Lady Pargiter; but from seriousness to hopelessness is a long step; and after that one bitter cry, wrung from her by the sharpness of her woe, she turned from thought to action. She had at least—what many a poor soul has not—friends and counsellors in her wretchedness, albeit incapable of plumbing its depth. It was curious how, during that terrible hour of love's anxiety, thoughts of what people felt and thought about her Matthew had flitted across her brain. Amy loved him, she knew, and perhaps of all people next to herself understood his character; and Uncle Stephen's affection for him was indisputable. But even these two, in her view, did not estimate him—his guilelessness, his gentleness, his love of justice, and his unmerited misfortunes and disappointments—as he deserved. She alone knew the value of that treasure which perchance she had lost. As to outside folks, including even Mr. Barlow himself, she well knew they altogether failed to understand, and therefore to appreciate him. His thoughtfulness (not for himself, Heaven knew), his silence born of it, and his reserve, induced by the failure of his expectations, were by them set down to moroseness of disposition; they thought him dissatisfied without cause, and proud, yet destitute of self-reliance. Hints had been openly dropped to this effect, which at the time had only aroused her scorn, but which, if uttered now, would, she felt, arouse her hate. There had been no man like her Matthew, nor ever would be, now that he was gone.

For the moment, however, all these thoughts had passed away.

"Amy, dear Amy—something has happened!" she cried, in a broken but far from tearful voice, as she stood beside her sister's pillow.

"Something happened? Not to the child?" exclaimed Amy, roused at once, and leaping from her bed.

"No," answered Sabey, fiercely, for that question had been gall to her. What was the child compared with its father? "To Matthew."

"Great Heaven! what? Oh, Sabey!" Amy did not waste time as she said this: she was putting on her things—not as Lady Pargiter did, but with unimaginable quickness—yet all the time regarding her sister with the keenest sympathy.

"He has not come home, and it is six o'clock."

"Is that all, darling? He has been detained, perhaps, by the weather." She moved rapidly to the window and looked out. "See how fast it snows."

"Snow would not keep him."

"Nay, but the cab; even John Rutherford's horses are but cab-horses; and if the horse has broken down, they could not get another, of course. He will be here presently, depend upon it."

Sabey had had this hope in her mind before—for what contingency, good or bad, had it not entertained?—and had dismissed it; but such is the wondrous power of human sympathy, that the repetition of it from Amy's lips seemed to afford her comfort.

"It is possible, dear Amy, but not probable. He would have come in any case, even on foot, to relieve our anxiety."

"Of which, dearest, he knew nothing," put in Amy, quickly. "How *could* he know? He would naturally imagine you to be asleep, as I was—selfish wretch that I am!—instead of being awake, as I should have been, to console you. Have you been long up, darling? You feel very cold." And upon her unresisting and, as it seemed, unconscious frame she wrapped a second dressing-gown.

"No—yes. I don't know how long; it seems an eternity."

"My poor Sabey! How shocked Matt will be, when he comes, to find you have been so troubled about him!"

"Oh, if he would only come!" cried Sabey, dropping into a chair, and rocking herself to and fro. "If he would come, ill, or with a broken limb, that I might tend and cure him—if anyhow he would only come!"

"He *will* come, Sabey. Be of good heart. Look, it is getting light, and with the morning, let us hope, he will arrive. It is only reasonable to suppose it, since if—"

"Amy," cried Sabey, starting up, "I can not stand this any longer. I shall go to Poulet Street, and learn the worst."

"The worst! Why take so sad a view of things? It is not like your good sense, Sabey, nor has it sense at all. The place in Poulet Street will not be open."

"There are always people in the house," said Sabey, fingering her clothes irresolutely, and with that anxious, listening air upon her face that never left it for an instant.

"Yes, but they will know nothing of Matthew. He has told us what he does, you know: how he lets himself in with his latch-key, and puts the diamonds into the strong-room—"

"Ah, the diamonds!" cried Sabey, throwing up her hands. "They have killed him for the diamonds."

"My dear Sabey, *who* have killed him? How can you—*can* you distress yourself with such monstrous thoughts? Have they killed John Rutherford also, then? And if so, do you think we should not have heard of such terrible things by this time? I grant that you have cause for anxiety—"

"I am in doubt," said Sabey, as if to herself, and without taking any notice of this appeal, "whether to go to Poulet Street or to Hybla Mews. It is possible, as you say, that at Mr. Signet's place they may know nothing; but Mrs. Rutherford—"

"There, again, dear," put in Amy, quickly; "if Sally thought there was anything wrong with her husband, would she not have been here by this time? He has not come home, of course, any more than Matthew, yet her mind does not instantly fly to robbery and murder. As to your going out in this weather, it would be perfect madness; and, besides, what would Matthew say should he come home and find you gone? But if it would be the least satisfaction to you, I will go off to the Mews at once, and Uncle Stephen will, I am sure, go to Poulet Street."

"Eh? what?—who is talking about me?" cried a wheezy voice below-stairs, for the women were still in Amy's room. "What the deuce is the matter? I have got such a bronchitis, thanks to the poet Æschylus, last night, that I can scarcely speak; but I can still *hear*."

"Then he can't go," whispered Sabey. "Don't ask him, I entreat of you. It won't hurt me—nothing can hurt me so much as doing nothing."

"Hush! Frank will go, of course," said Amy. Then, raising her voice: "Poor Sabey is in a most dreadful state about Matthew's not having come home, Mr. Durham."

"Not come home?" wheezed the old gentleman. "Why, what time is it?"

"It is past six o'clock."

There was a pause, during which they well understood that Uncle Stephen was looking very serious.

"Oh, that's nothing. It's this infernal weather. The horse has slipped up, or can't get along; or 'honest John,' as you call him, has taken an overdose of whiskey to keep the cold out. Matthew will be home by breakfast-time, trust him. I'll just put on my clothes and see about it."

The two women looked at one another, far from re-assured by Mr. Durham's speech. The tone in which he spoke, making every allowance for his bronchitis, seemed to belie his words. The old gentleman evidently thought ill of the matter.

"Now, Sabey," said Amy, with tender earnestness, "all you have to do is to remain here with your child, and hope for the best; it is your duty to your husband, who would never forgive us if we suffered you to do anything rash, or come to harm, on his account. I will go next door, and let Frank have word that he is wanted immediately."

"He will never let you go to the Mews," sighed Sabey, still with her listening air. "Hark how the wind blows; and the snow is falling thicker than ever."

"*Let* me? There is no one who has the right to prevent me," answered Amy, lacing up her thickest boots. "You are my sister, and Matt is my brother, just as though he were my own flesh and blood. To him of all men I owe loving service: I shall not fail him, Sabey."

She would not fail him: no one who could read faces, and had caught sight of hers, so ready and steady, so tender and true, could doubt of that.

"Heaven bless you!" exclaimed Sabey, throwing her arms about her sister's neck, and bursting for the first time into a passion of tears. "My darling was always fond of you, Amy."

"Don't! don't!" cried the other, earnestly; "do not let us unnerve one another. What love can do shall be done for Matt. Only we will take Frank into counsel first, because he has a good head, and will tell us what is best to be done."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FOUR-FOOTED PHILOSOPHER.

Winking, blinking, purring lowly,
Velvet-footed, stepping slowly,
Came the Family Cat.
Outside, mud and rain and mire;
But inside, before the fire,
Lay her cozy mat.

Yet to reach it she must pass
A new Psyche looking-glass,
And of course she knew
Her own handsome whiskered face,
Her own stately lithesome grace,
And her Maltese blue.

Half offended, quite amazed,
She upon the vision gazed.
"What is it?" she said;
Looked on this side, and on that,
Softly touched the other cat,
Shook her wise old head.

"*That is me!* I ought to know;
That's my tail, and that's my paw;
But why am I there?
Am I one? or am I two?"
Soon she gave a scornful "*Mew!*"
"Need I really care?

"Bah! it's nothing, I dare say.
Often on a sunny day
Shadows come and go.
Some new kind of shadow round;
Nothing in it, I'll be bound.
Shall I scratch it? No.

"Things are never what they seem:
I remember, by the stream,
Hunting birds one day,
That just such a cat I found;
Sprang at him, was nearly drowned:
Sparrows got away.

"Were it needful I should see
Why this thing resembles me,
Betty would have said,
'Puss, you'll have that cat to fight,'
Or, 'Puss, that other cat's all right.'
I guess I'll go to bed.

"I'm the Family Cat, and keep
Watch and guard, while others sleep,
O'er those thievish mice;
If I did not kill and eat,
What would come of corn and meat?
Duty pays its price.
Shadows lead to foolish acts;
Better to discuss such facts
As my mat—and mice."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is not strange that diseases of the lungs and of the eyes prevail so extensively in our cities, especially in New York and Brooklyn. The dust and ashes which a person has to inhale in one such April as the present is enough to poison the most healthy lungs; and the eyes are kept in a constant state of irritation by the foreign particles which continually enter them. Notice the removal of the ashes from the ash-barrels on a windy day. In the first place, the barrels which line the streets are all uncovered, and the breezes play with their contents, which are frequently stirred up by professional investigators. They remain for hours awaiting removal. Finally the uncovered ash-cart comes along; the ash-barrel is tipped over into it, sending a denser cloud into the air already thick with the fine powder. In the streets the long-collected piles of dust and dirt are constantly swept about by the wild winds; but when, on rare occasions, the street-sweepers are called into requisition, it is, for the time being, often almost impossible to breathe or to see. And a liberal sprinkling of water might so easily mitigate this evil! Surely the manner of cleansing our streets and of removing ashes has not kept pace with the age. What essential improvement has been wrought within the last half century? Nearly a hundred years ago—in 1786—there was an ordinance in New York enforcing a very simple system of street-cleaning. Every week each householder was under obligation to sweep the dirt of the street opposite his own premises into piles, and scavengers were employed to remove it, the sweepings being regarded as valuable enough to pay for the removal. If either householders or scavengers neglected their duties, a fine was imposed. This was in 1786; and how little improvement on this mode has a century brought!

A committee of the New York State Survey Commissioners recently visited Ottawa to confer with the government of the Dominion of Canada in regard to the preservation of the scenery of Niagara Falls. The Dominion government seems fully alive to the necessity of a prompt endeavor to rescue Niagara Falls from spoliation, and expresses hearty co-operation with the State of New York in the accomplishing of this result.

The journeyings of a postal card "around the world" are recounted in an exchange. It was mailed in New York November 29, 1879, but losing the mail steamer, lay over in the New York Post-office until the sailing of the next mail steamer, and arrived in London December 13, 1879. Being sent from London to Marseilles, it arrived December 17, 1879; from Marseilles to Cairo, arriving December 25; from Cairo to Bombay, arriving January 15, 1880; from Bombay to Singapore, arriving February 2; from Singapore to Yokohama, arriving March 9; from Yokohama to San Francisco, arriving March 26; from San Francisco to New York, arriving April 3. The entire trip occupied 127 days.

The Hahnemann Hospital Fair opened auspiciously in the Madison Square Garden, and there is every reason to believe that the efforts of many benevolent ladies to realize adequate funds to support free beds in the hospital will be rewarded with great success. So many attractions are offered that every visitor will feel amply repaid for devoting at least a few hours to this fair.

On April 11 the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia was opened for the first time on Sunday, under the provisions of a bequest of Joseph E. Temple, who gave $50,000 on condition that the Academy should be opened free one day each week. The directors state that over ten thousand people visited the galleries, and that there was not the least disorder.

According to statistics, fifty-two newspapers and magazines in this country are edited by colored men.

Prospects of a new opera-house in New York continue to increase. The projectors of the scheme are deeply interested, and expect success.

"Times" may be growing "brighter," but with gas, coal, and ice at extortionate prices, and all necessaries of life rising in cost, some people find it hard to realize the fact. When certain articles are in the hands of a monopoly without a conscience, it makes the public query if law should not step in, and in some measure regulate the price. Municipal governments might wisely legislate about some things to the public benefit.

A bill to provide for celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the treaty of peace by holding an International Exhibition in New York in 1883 passed the Senate March 31. It incorporates the United States International Exhibition, composed of well-known New York gentlemen, whose official functions are to continue until the close of the Exhibition. But not less than $1,000,000 must be subscribed, and not less than ten per centum thereof must be paid in, before the corporation can begin active operations.

A remarkable funeral scene was witnessed in Calvary Church in this city not long ago. A large number of venerable gentlemen were gathered to pay their last respects to two merchants who were long partners in business, and had died on the same day. Herman D. Aldrich and Robert H. McCurdy came to this city when young lads, and found employment together in a dry-goods store. About 1825 they formed a partnership in the same business, and for over thirty years continued together, and then retired from business with ample fortunes. For many years they lived as neighbors in East Fourteenth Street. They both died on the same day, within a short time of each other, the one aged seventy-nine and the other eighty years, and a joint funeral service was held over their remains.

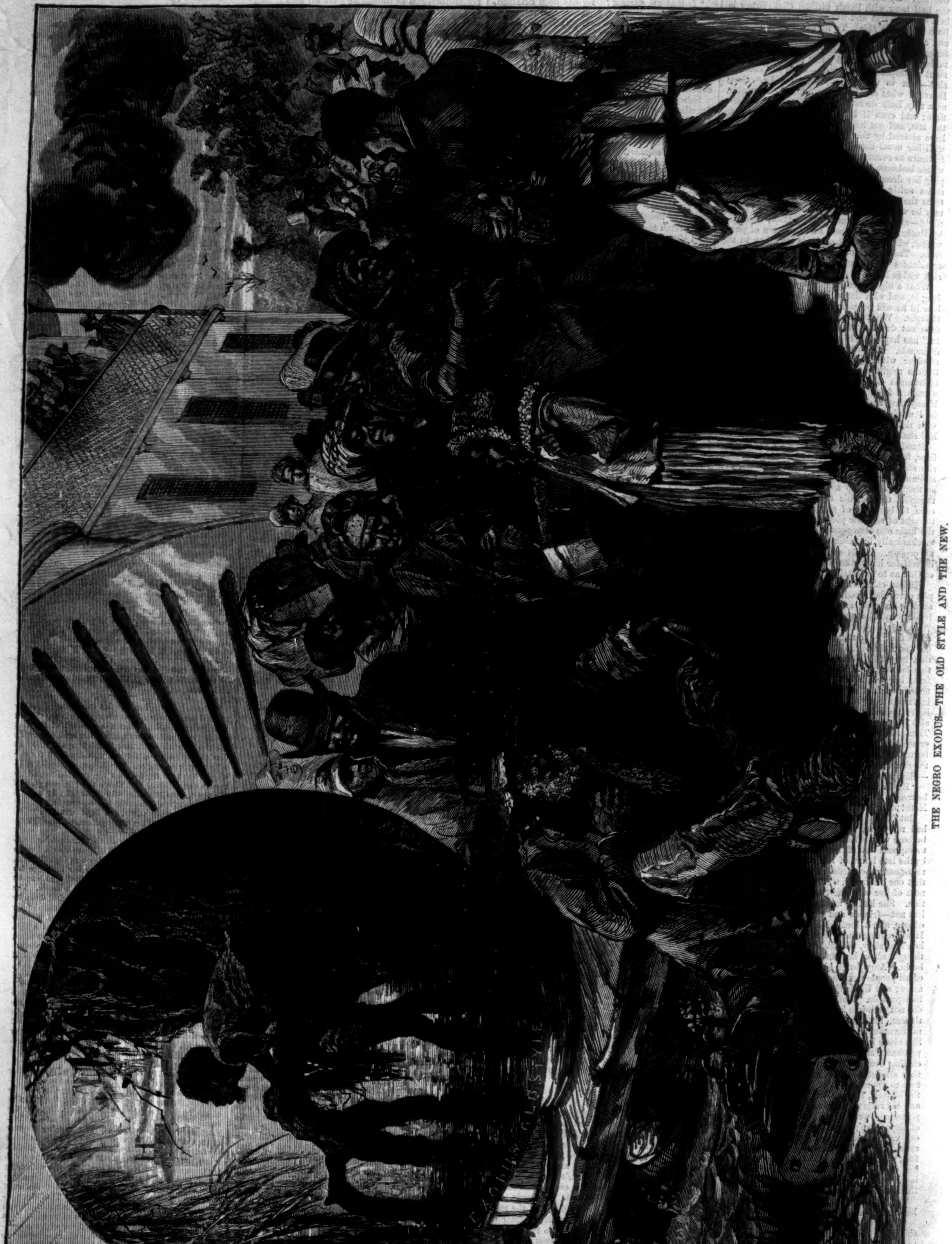
A writer in the *Lancet*, arguing from the theory that steam will disperse fog in a room, believes that by sending out an army of steam-engines on foggy mornings about the London streets they might produce a cloudless sky. It is suggested that a company for this purpose be formed under the name of the "Fog-dispersing and Blue-sky Assurance Company." Londoners would rejoice in the successful operations of such a company.

Wabash, Indiana, has adopted the electric light for general illumination. The arrangements are not yet fully completed, but from the account of the first evening's experiment we quote a few sentences: "As the clock struck eight, four Brush lamps of 3000 candles' power each put forth a noonday light for one mile in circumference. The lamps, suspended midway of the iron flag-staff on the court-house, which towers one hundred feet above the business part of the town, were furnished with electricity by a No. 5 generator, driven by a seven-horse-power engine. At Urbana, five miles north, the light was said to be beautiful. The test has given general satisfaction."

There is an odd superstition that the opal is an unlucky stone, and in the minds of those who believe in fatality the adventures of the Princess Olga Galitzin, of Paris, confirm this. Soon after her marriage her husband presented her with a beautiful opal bracelet which she happened to see in a shop window. Ten minutes after she put it on she was knocked down by a cab, and though she escaped unhurt, the clasp of her new bracelet was broken. It was repaired, and the next evening the princess wore it again at a ball, where she fell badly, broke the ornament once more, and cut her arm deeply. Again the bracelet was repaired, and the lady, undaunted by the proverbial ill luck of opals, wore it to the opera. There she lost it, and the prince breathes now more freely.

Statistics say that there are about 1700 female authors in France. Two-thirds of them are natives of the provinces, and one-third of Paris. Of those born in the provinces a majority come from the south. About 1000 writers out of the 1700 write novels or stories for the young, while 200 are poets, and 150 devote themselves to educational works.

A sub-committee of the Congressional Committee on Agriculture recently visited the oleomargarine factory of the Commercial Manufacturing Company in this city, for the purpose of examining the products of the factory and the methods of making. In the evening the committee, with other guests, dined at Delmonico's, at the invitation of the managing director of the Commercial Manufacturing Company. One of the features of the feast was the introduction of oleomargarine in various forms. It was used in the cooking throughout, and plates of it, side by side with fresh butter, were placed upon the table for the company to judge of its merits. It would seem as if this matter of oleomargarine was a very simple one. That oleomargarine is not butter needs no proof, but it may be an excellent substitute for it. And the more carefully it is made, the more will it grow in favor with the community. But it should stand on its own merits, and be sold under its own name. People may prefer it to butter, but nobody wants to be cheated into buying a thing by any unfair dealing. Therefore butter and oleomargarine should be kept distinct in the market, just as coffee and chiccory should be. There are those who *want* a certain proportion of chiccory in their coffee, but that does not authorize the grocer to sell chiccory when the customer asks for coffee, nor justify him in the least adulteration.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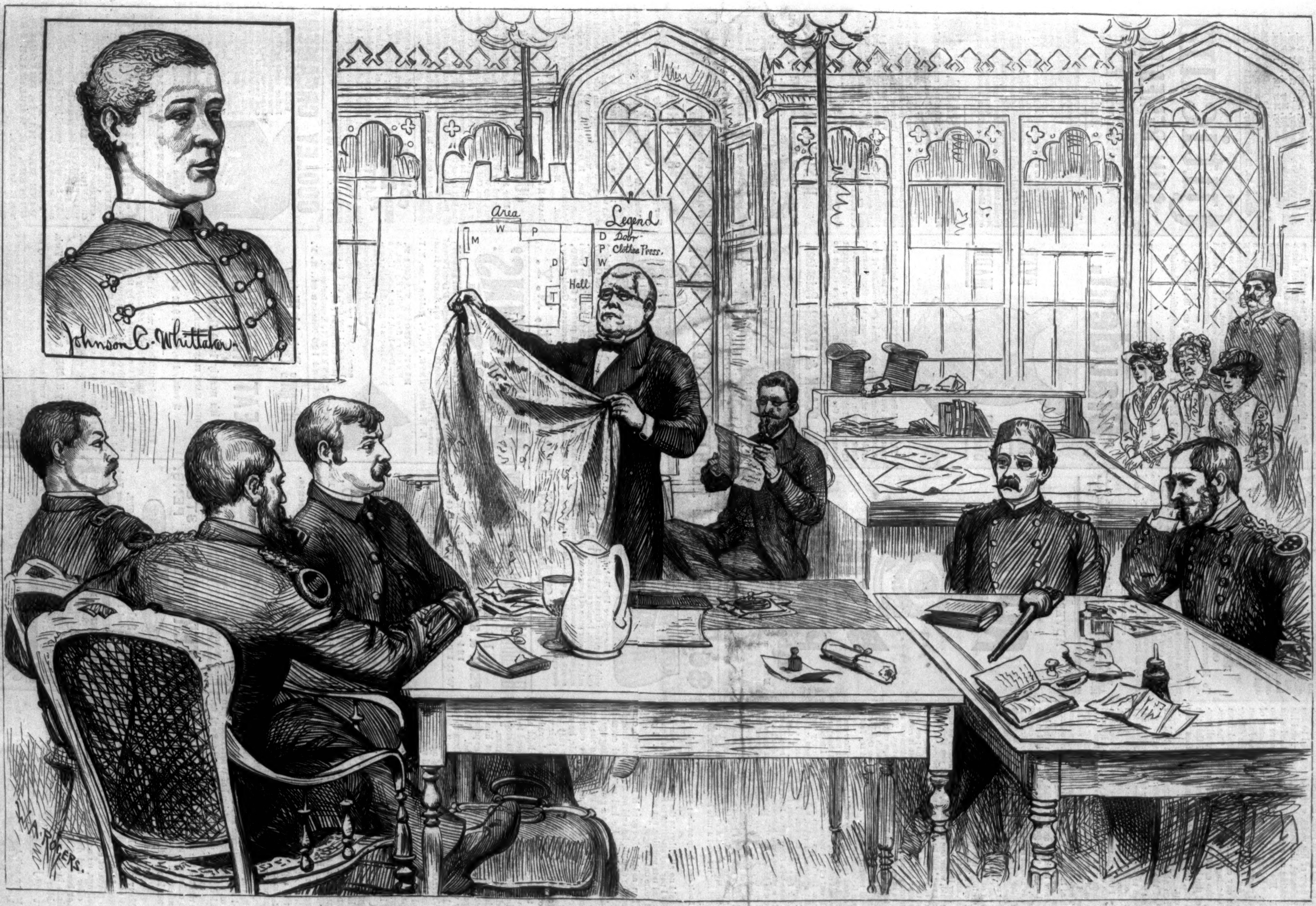
THE NEGRO EXODUS—THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.


Johnson C. Whittaker
Area
Legend
D Door
P Clothes Press
W
M
J
D
T
Hall
W. A. Rogers.

THE WEST POINT OUTRAGE—THE COURT OF INQUIRY IN SESSION.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 286.]

THE WEST POINT OUTRAGE.

Early on the morning of April 6, Johnson C. Whittaker, a colored cadet at West Point, was found by the guard lying, apparently unconscious, on the floor of his room, with his feet tied to the iron bedstead, his hands bound together, and his head resting on a pillow that was saturated with blood. His face, head, and night-shirt were also bloody. Lying about the room were pieces of burned paper, locks of hair, a knife, and an Indian club. An alarm was given, and when the officer of the day came in, the cadet was released from his fastenings and laid upon the bed. The surgeon who examined him found that a small portion of the left ear had been cut off, and that the right ear, the left hand, and one of the toes were also cut.

When able to talk the wounded man told the story of the outrage, as follows:

"Last night, immediately after tattoo, I retired, and had been to sleep some time when I was awakened, I think shortly after 2 A.M., by the moving of the latch on the door of my room. The door is never locked. At first I thought the noise might have been occasioned by the wind against the hall window. I listened for a moment, and then fell into a doze, when I was again suddenly awakened by some one jumping right on me. I looked sharp, and there were three men in all. Two of them were attired in dark clothing, and the third had on a light gray suit, and all wore black masks.

"I drew back my arm to strike the man who had jumped on me, and I partially raised in the bed in the struggle, when I was seized by the throat, and choked till I was almost suffocated; and I was also struck a heavy blow on the left temple and also on the nose with something hard. The man who dealt the blow shouted to me, 'If you don't be still, you will be a dead man; don't you holler.' I was completely overpowered.

"One of the men then said, 'Let's mark him like they do hogs down South.' And then, with what I think was a knife, they cut off the lower end of my left ear, and slit the lobe of my right ear once or twice. Next they began to tie my feet, and I kicked as hard as I could, when one exclaimed, 'Don't you kick, or I will cut you,' and he did stick my feet twice.

"At this time the small man dressed in gray said to one of the others, 'Look out, don't hurt him; see how he bleeds; take my handkerchief, and put it around his wounds;' and the handkerchief was taken and applied as suggested, but afterward taken away. They then tied my feet and my hands with strips of white cross-belts, and then laid me on the floor with my feet toward the bed in the little alcove you see there, and my head toward the wall. Next they tied my feet to the iron bedstead.

"I asked them if they would place a pillow under my head, and they did. Again they told me not to holler, and one said, 'Now let's leave,' and they passed quietly out of the room. After they left, I tried hard to gnaw the straps from my hands with my teeth, without success. I cried, but not very loud, 'Help! help!' but got no answer. I did not dare to shout loud, for fear of more harm from them. I think I must have lain there three hours before reveille, and was in a stupor from blows received. I don't know who could have done this thing. I didn't know that I had an enemy. I think I could recognize at least one of the men by his clothing. I tried to pull his mask off, but he jerked back.

"About a year ago I got a note on which was written: 'Look out!' I don't know where it came from. Last Sunday I found a sealed envelope in my room, and opening it found a note inside which read as follows:

"'Look out; keep awake; you will be fixed.

"'A Friend.'

"I paid no attention to the first note of a year ago, nor did I pay any attention to the warning of Sunday. I felt bad this morning, but am better now. I guess I will come out all right."

When asked afterward if he knew who committed the assault, he said he did not, but thought they were cadets. He had no special enemies, he added, but there was a general feeling against him. The statement that he had done the deed himself, he characterized as a gross outrage. Giving some further details of the affair, he said that one of his assailants suggested that they shave his head, and a few locks of his hair were cut off. The short man, who seems to have been the tender-hearted one of the three, held aloof from the struggle, but at the close offered to put his handkerchief under his ear, so as to stop the bleeding. "Then," continued Whittaker, "one of the men said, 'Get a glass, and let him see himself.' They brought a glass; and after pressing it against my nose, broke it over my head. When they were about to go away, I asked them to put a pillow under my head, and they did so."

Whittaker is twenty-one years of age, and has a complexion so light that he could not be identified as a colored man while parading with his corps. His hair is not very kinky, but his face is covered with freckles. He has handsome eyes, and is very retiring in his manner.

A Court of Inquiry, appointed by General Schofield to investigate the matter, began to take testimony April 9. The members were: Major Mordecai, President; Captain Raymond and Lieutenant Tillman, members; and Lieutenant Sears, Recorder. Lieutenant Knight was appointed to represent Whittaker. Later on, United States District Attorney Martin I. Townsend appeared as the representative of the War Department. Our illustration on page 285 was made at the point when Mr. Townsend, in examining the surgeon, Dr. Alexander, held up the bloody bed-quilt, and asked him to measure the stains. Behind the questioner sits Professor R. T. Greener, of Washington, the friend of Whittaker. To the left of the doctor, whose back is toward us, is the cadet's counsel, Lieutenant Knight, and on the right is the Recorder, Lieutenant Sears. The two officers at the other end of the table are also members of the Court. In the upper left-hand corner is a portrait of Whittaker himself.

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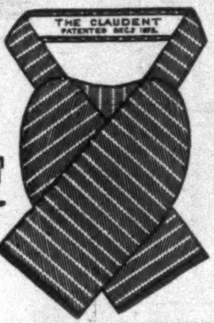

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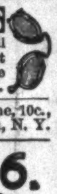

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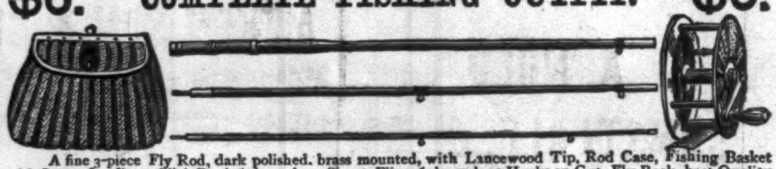

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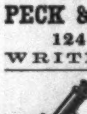

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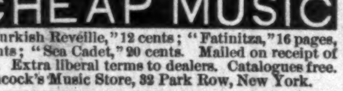

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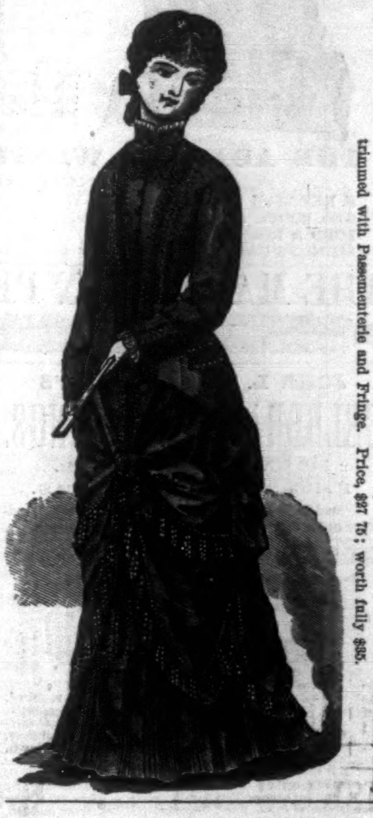

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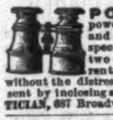

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